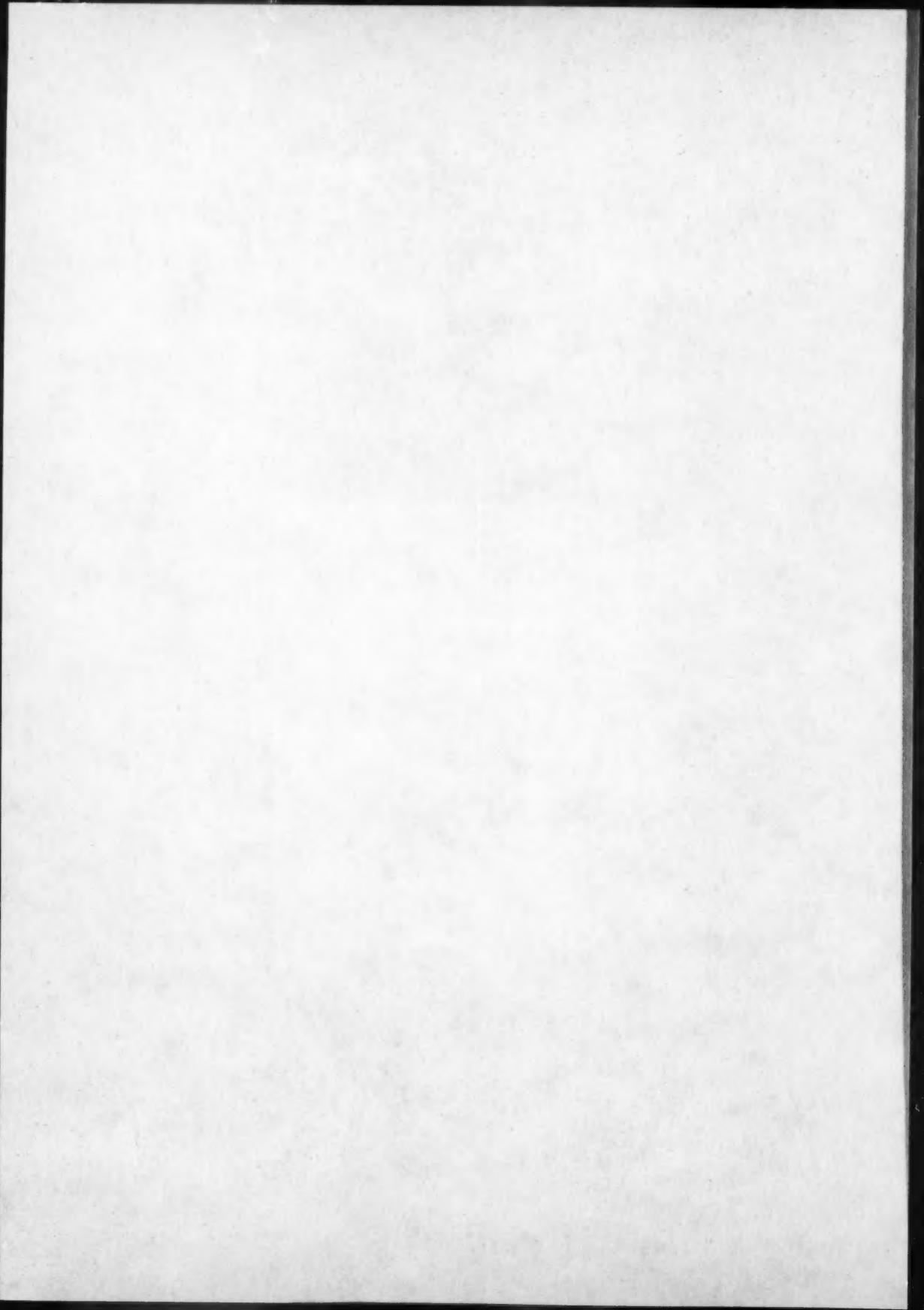


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The Quarterly Journal



OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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The Quarterly Journal OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

In this issue

- 81 Sources and Responses
by IVAN SOUTHALL
- 92 "My dear Ulrica . . ."
Swinburne's Earliest Letter
by FRANCIS JACQUES SYPHER, JR.
- 97 Porgy and Bess
by WAYNE D. SHIRLEY
- 108 Robert Frost
Lobbyist for the Arts
by ROY P. BASLER
- 116 "For His Excellency Thomas Jefferson,
Esq."
The Tale of a Wandering Book
by HARRY R. SKALLERUP

Sarah L. Wallace, *Editor* / Frederick B. Mohr, *Assistant Editor*

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Cover: "Catfish Row," etching by Elizabeth O'Neill Verner. In the Charleston edition of Porgy (Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., 1928). Used by permission of the artist. (See pages 80 and 97.)

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Editor's Note

Editing is a high-risk profession, and the well-tempered editor has learned that self-preservation calls for constant awareness of the peculiar relationship between a person and his written language. A manuscript is more a part than a product of its author, and only the most foolhardy will hack away at it arbitrarily. Violence to words on paper tends to breed violence from their creator.

An even closer relationship exists, however, between the individual and his spoken language. (The skeptic may test this thesis by making a few corrections in another's speech during his next conversation.) Written English constitutes a more standardized and therefore less personal medium than speech, in that it reflects no single spoken form precisely but instead represents, through a limited number of arbitrary conventions, a wide variety of pronunciations. It belongs to all speakers of the language but serves none of them perfectly. The actual sets of pronunciations of a given speech community—the dialects—are a different matter. Belonging only to those who speak them, they serve as the most appropriate language for use within separate speech communities and, as Henry Higgins observed, identify the speaker's linguistic and social origins. One's own dialect sounds correct; speakers of other dialects have "accents." The "best" dialect—that spoken by the "best" people or by the most people—is, of course, no better as a means of communication than the "worst."

Articles in this issue of the *Quarterly Journal* reflect a number of distinct dialects, ranging in time and place from old England to New England, from Australia to South Carolina. The words appear the same on paper—with one exception—but would sound quite different

when spoken by Swinburne or Frost, by Southall or Jefferson, or by the reader.

The exception, of course, is the dialect of Catfish Row, Charleston. But why, since a single written language symbolizes numerous dialects with reasonable adequacy, was it considered necessary to modify English spellings to represent this particular dialect? And why only this dialect, when Porgy's speech is phonemically no further removed from the standard written forms than, say, Swinburne's? The answer is found in a tradition based on that sensitive relationship between a person and his language.

Immigration and segregation produced a wide variety of dialects in the United States, many of which came to be considered inferior for one reason or another. Antagonisms toward the speakers of certain nonstandard dialects led to ritualized ridicule of their speech itself. The Library's shelves hold several guides for use in the presentation of cute recitations in "Irish English," "German English," "American Negro English," and several other Englishes. These works are often characterized by ludicrously inaccurate phonetic spellings and offensive content.

Serious writers have also attempted to reproduce dialects through some form of phonetic spelling, seldom with any real success. The dialect used in *Porgy and Bess*, examples of which appear in Wayne Shirley's article, hardly represents an improvement over previous efforts. Sporting Life says "listen" and Jake says "lissen," although in speech the words are identical. Maria and Lily talk about "likker," but how else would one pronounce *liquor*? The spellings of vowel sounds indicate some deviations from standard forms but only vaguely represent their nature. Consonants shift arbitrarily—*de* and *dat*

appear side-by-side with *the* and *that*. The final version of the libretto contains many additional examples. A reader approaching the unorthodox written forms with no previous knowledge of the dialect would produce strange pronunciations indeed. A reader who knew the dialect would find the nonstandard spellings unnecessary and perhaps intrusive.

An unfortunate tradition may have led Heyward and Ira Gershwin to employ spellings more commonly associated with a minstrel show script than with a serious artistic work, but *Porgy and Bess* could not be further removed from the often distorted humor of that earlier dramatic form. The opera reflects an approach precisely opposite to the scorn associated with dialect mimicry, and flaws in its language are overshadowed as one recognizes the stature of the characters and the depth of their tragedy. We derive from *Porgy and Bess* not only a new understanding of the complex dimensions of the residents of Catfish Row but also a sense of the commonality of a human condition transcending the borders of language, culture, and status.



The artist Elizabeth O'Neill Verner demonstrates a similarly penetrating view of Porgy's Charleston in the illustrations which she graciously provided for this issue. Mrs. Verner's daughter, Elizabeth Verner Hamilton, has sent us a particularly interesting background note:

Cabbage Row, 91 Church Street, was diagonally across the street from the little house DuBose Heyward

lived in with his mother. For years it was a Negro tenement, and the beautiful Heyward Washington house contained a bakery. Alice Ravenel Huger Smith lived just across the street from the Heywards. DuBose moved Cabbage Row to the waterfront and renamed it Catfish Row. He told mother it was an easy and inexpensive real estate transaction. DuBose made up all his place names, you remember, using Kingston for Charleston, etc.

When DuBose started to write *Porgy* he was a partner in the insurance firm Heyward and O'Neill. Harry O'Neill was mother's brother. He and DuBose had started the firm when Harry was 19 and DuBose 21—old enough to legally sign his name. Harry was the first son in the O'Neill family—after seven daughters! He was a devoted brother looking out for his sisters' finances, when they needed it, and took great pleasure in their families, even after he had a family of his own. He enjoyed business and was very successful at it. But he was always interested in the creative arts. It was he, with Alice Ravenel Huger Smith, who persuaded mother that she could support herself as an artist after my father died in 1925. Before that he had told DuBose to take the year off from the business and go to the McDowell Colony and finish his novel, promising him his full share of the business while he was away and assuring him that if, then, the novel didn't go, he could come right back into the firm.

On the occasion of Mrs. Verner's 90th birthday, the Charleston *News and Courier* remarked that she had become the proverbial legend in her own time. Perhaps more revealing, however, is DuBose Heyward's tribute: "She has caught the spirit. Only an artist who shares the traditions that form the spiritual background of his locale can hope to capture this elusive element."

FM



Sources and Responses

by Ivan Southall

When I set out to write a lecture—or a book—it is a journey into unknown places; hence each day has its own tension, its own suspense, its own fortunate or negative consequences. It could be called a disorganized way of life, and for a family man a hazardous way of life, not knowing what is coming next, not knowing whether any working day will earn wages or turn into a dead loss. This same method—or lack of method—is why I refuse deadlines. Deadlines fill me with panic and empty my brain and conflict with my way of life, of never doing today what I can conceivably delay. Yet to be here this November evening I accepted a deadline, so I am not immovable on the point, but I have paid the price, I have suffered my blackouts, despaired to my panics, endured the lot with my customary lack of fortitude.

I prefer, simply, to sit and dream across my valley. The large window of my room is as far as I need to go—no pollution out there, none to see or hear or sniff at, just distant mountain peaks and nearer hills, flower farms and forests and flights of dazzling parrots and cockatoos, snow white, and on the morning that I add this three wedge-tailed eagles in company against blue sky and cloud wisps at a great height.

Electricity came down our road only 12 years back; the water for our taps is caught from the skies off the roof and stored in tanks. If it doesn't rain we run dry and telephone the volunteer fire brigade and eager young men in their handsome red truck with brass bells to ring come heavy-footed with a thousand gallons pumped from the creek. If the wind blows, down comes a tree somewhere and the power goes off. Candles are always ready on the shelf, though in the dark they move mysteriously, eluding your grasp. Difficult roads and slopes a little too steep and thousands of acres of densely, darkly timbered temperate rain forest insulate us from the less uncivilized rigors of life. There is a sign on our road, the envy of all Australians not similarly blessed: *Drive Carefully. Lyrebirds Cross.*

People say, what an idyllic place. What a place to work. All that peace. But I am the father of four, the grandfather of two, the husband of a wife. Our chaos is built in. We take it from place to place. No matter where we have lived, the seeds we have planted have

In observance of National Children's Book Week, the Library of Congress presented this lecture by the Australian author Ivan Southall on November 12, 1973, under the auspices of the Gertrude Clarke Whittall Poetry and Literature Fund. Mr. Southall, whose children's books are widely read in English and, increasingly, in translation, is a native of Melbourne and lives in a country district with his wife, son, and three daughters. He served as a pilot with the Royal Australian Air Force during World War II and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. After the war, he prepared historical materials on the war and wrote a series of adventure stories about an air force squadron leader.

Considered "one of the few living writers for children who can still tell an exciting story compulsively," Mr. Southall has won many honors, including Book of the Year Awards from the members of the Australian Children's Book Council in 1966 for *Ash Road*, in 1968 for *To the Wild Sky*, and in 1970 for *Bread and Honey* (published in the United States under the title *Walk a Mile and Get Nowhere*). In 1972 he was awarded the Carnegie Medal for *Josh. Hills End* (1963), *Ash Road*, and *Josh* have won distinctions as American Library Association Notable Children's Books.

Among Mr. Southall's other works are *The Fox Hole* (1967), *Let the Balloon Go* (1968), *Finn's Folly* (1969), *Chinaman's Reef is Ours* (1970), *Head in the Clouds* (1973), *Benson Boy* (1973), and the recently published *Matt and Jo*. He has also retold a number of Bible stories in *The Curse of Cain* and *The Sword of Esau*, both published in 1968.

come up as kids—the core of what this hour is about.

I think this lecture has grown largely from second thoughts and afterthoughts and manages to give a vague direction to my disordered lack of method. I think it tries to say something about books for children as I see them, and as I would like more to be, yet it is a personal statement; it does not set out to persuade or convert; it is my own view of my own road; but because I am a writer I address much of what I say to writers and to people who are interested in what writers do and how writers of my kind might function. I have tried to look at the creative process as I know it without burning into it to depths that might destroy it or inhibit its future functions. I also chuck a few bricks through a few windows because Australians are supposed to be wild and intemperate colonial lads and I would not wish you to suspect, through any lack I might demonstrate, that they had turned soft.

So, to begin, I chuck a brick through a window of my own house. There is a continuing tendency in my country to regard the writing of books for children and the various professions and vocations arising from the original creative act as occupations suitable for minor-type, mouse-sized humans whose passions bubble at less than normal adult heat. Nowhere is this view more often aired than in the "world of literature." Writers, publishers, critics, lecturers, and pressmen, too, not actively occupied in the creation or appreciation of children's literature as it is, go on failing to comprehend *what* it is. Echoes of the same attitude probably go on reverberating everywhere else.

The viewpoint mystifies me—that works for children must necessarily be minor works by minor writers, that deliberately they are generated and projected at reduced voltage, that they evade truth, that they avert passion and sensuality and the subtleties of life and are unworthy of the attention of the serious artist or craftsman.

The sensitive child, the core of everything that I, for one, wish to write about, is the direct antithesis of this milk-and-water proposition. Adult scaling-down of the intensity of the child state is a crashing injustice, an outrageous distortion of what childhood is about. Physical frailty

is not weakness, gentleness is not spinelessness, delicate sensitivities are not sentimental trivialities, apart from those aspects of childhood that are as rumbustious as run-away bulls. As we grow older we look back more and more, not, I suspect, because a mature person really wishes again for the agonies and ecstacies of youth in the immediate sense, but because he has the need to recall the enormous impact, the enormous importance, the sheer magnitude of childhood events to compensate for the lower key of subsequent adult life. I am sure they are recalled because they are the most worthy of recall, because little else in life surpasses them.

I suggest it is possible to extend the intensity of a sensitive childhood into maturity without wearing yourself out or giving yourself ulcers or coronaries or other undesirable side effects, although it may add to the daily anguishing of your heart. But was there ever a joy worth having that did not exact a price? Children's literature, so-called, the creation of it and the appreciation of it at a significant level, is one way of charging adult life with some of the extra sensual dimensions of childhood. Someone long ago, in different words, made a related statement and it is the key, from where I look at life, to being alive from the tips of your toes to the hair of your head and to every nerve-end in between.

Some do not share this partisan opinion.

I recall a literary function in Sydney during one of my visits there. Members of P.E.N. were the hosts, I was the guest, and *To The Wild Sky*, a book I wrote in 1965, had just been named Australian Children's Book of the Year, 1968. A lady novelist ran me into a corner. They come in two varieties, lady novelists, the sweet ones and the others. This lady may have lifted me by the lapel—I do not swear to it, but I swear to what she said: "I can't understand, I can't you know, how a grownup adult with literary equipment can waste his talent writing nice little stories for children when the world is full of man-size problems demanding all the enlightenment the novelist can shed upon them."

It's an interesting viewpoint and I have gone on thinking about it, gone on considering it, but only critics have ever come near to convincing me she might have been right—yet not for the reasons used by them to discipline me.

Out on the fringes of the field of the writing

game, way out where the vague boundary line between player and spectator begins further to diffuse, are those people, those numerous people, who write for children the stories they are sure children will enjoy, because they have told them to children gathered round them to the sound of crackling wood fires or to the beating of moth wings against wire screens on long summer evenings. Mistakenly, they attribute the glow of those occasions to the magic of the story and forget the crucial contribution of the warmth of voice and smile and body and glance and that bedtime was being effectively deferred. Their success was a human success growing out of the aura of love—and that should have been enough. Upon the cold page in cold print the magic is not there. Human love is no longer present to overwhelm the defects. Sadly, for themselves, they are misled as to the quality of their talent and wastefully go ahead to misuse their own precious time, and wastefully to expend the time of publishers and others, and wastefully to inflict the subsequent bewilderments and agonies of their wounded egos upon people like me who generally are too polite to protest.

Manuscripts come to me for my *honest* opinion—something I would never dare give whilst valuing friendship or the quiet life. I learnt quickly that the word *honest* is used strictly in an illusionary sense. Hell hath no fury like the writer seeking honesty, and who gets it.

These manuscripts come through the post or through friends or are delivered by hand—after every publisher in the country has rejected them—all too often accompanied by letters running something like this:

The enclosed story is adored by my grandchildren. Everyone says it should be published. No one can understand why it has not been published. Every publisher who has sent it back has enthused about it. I enclose photostat copies of 17 of their letters for you to read. Don't you agree it is a shame for this beautiful story to be wasted? It is because I am not known and am without influence and do not have friends in the right places. Why don't you put it into a book with your name on it? No one will pick the difference and hundreds of thousands of children all over the world will be as happy as my grandchildren.

Sometimes these letters send my blood pressure up. It depends upon the day. But why do people go on being so ignorant of the craft they pretend to practice when an hour of honest self-scrutiny

in the reflection of what children's literature is would surely convince them not only of their weakness but of their unreasonable vanity? But they do not judge themselves by the best; they shut their souls to that; they read the worst and say, "I can do better than that." And so the worst goes on propagating itself like a geometric progression of splitting cells, yet upon reflection these people sadden me and I cannot bring myself to hurt them. Life is more than blunt reaction. Life goes farther than what we know to be simple, obvious common sense. There they lie, naked, already hurt enough, so I add my own little white lie to the rest and sometimes bring upon myself most complex human complications that have taken months of my life to put straight, but I doubt if at heart I have regretted it once.

Here I would like to frame a definition, an explanation, a statement; call it what you wish. It is my response to lady novelists who do not understand and to others who should understand: I do not regard writing for children as a minor subdivision of literature, I do not regard it as a special subdivision of literature, I reject the term *subdivision*. When as a writer I address myself to children's literature, as now, I address myself to literature; and when as a writer I address myself to children I address myself to equals. I see no conflict of definition, and if I have a philosophy as a writer for children that is it. We will come to the clauses in smaller print later.

Let me make clear this has little to do with the nature of my relationship with children face to face—as in a classroom or assembly hall situation where I often meet children—or in family or personal situations. As most of us are, I am split in parts; one part is obviously a parent, sometimes straight-laced, sometimes compassionate to the point of indulgence; in another part I am obviously an uninhibited entertainer; and in another I am wholly *with* the child, in the pages of a book my heart beats with the pulse of a child, I become a child. It is upon that fact, the valid artistic achievement of identification, that I see children's literature as literature in its own right, yet I admit the need in the organized world of books for classification. Children, for instance, should know where the books most likely to please them are kept, or else libraries become disorderly houses, though many books that belong where the children browse belong

also where the grownups browse, even if it is not common for them to be found in those areas. Children's librarians are imaginative people, not reluctant to pick the flowers from the fields where adult books grow; but the other way around—sadly, I think—it is a less catholic tale.

I suppose I regret the touchiness or the sensitivity (and certainly the need) that leads me to say this sort of thing. There is the risk of sounding truculent, or defensive, or apologetic, and I have been through all these emotions and should remember the struggles I have had to grow out of them when holding up to a form of ridicule viewpoints that do not coincide with those I express now. There was a time, and not long ago, when I regarded writing for kids as a fit and proper occupation only for a bandaged left hand. Is it surprising that others not sharing my background or commitment should think of books for children generally as being beneath the serious attention of the writer and unworthy of serious consideration as literature in an adult world—the great works of the past excepted? A letter from a friend this very day, received almost at this word, deplores the standard of children's books going into braille in her particular part of the world. Very low literary standard, she says, entirely visual books, action books, twee books, nothing that breathes of the soul and the spirit, nothing that stirs to the sensuality of smell and sound and touch, and are they not the qualities to give the child who has no sight? It is not that the right books do not exist; it is simply that the people who choose are ignorant. Choice in their terms is chance in our terms.

A well-known journalist, respected for her perceptive interviews, expressed with irony her surprise during our one short conversation that I appeared to be implying that significant writers were seriously involved in the creation of books for children. I think she felt she was operating at less than her proper capacity by giving time to me. Her irony was still evident in the patronizing piece published later; there she used it to cut me down to size. Yet people of her kind, involved with literature, do not snatch barbs like these out of the air. Her mind was closed, it is true, but why? Certainly not because the children's books she knew had impressed her with their grandeur or beauty or elegance. I would suggest she had not read any in a long time or

had come to books for children in an unkindly selective or unsympathetic or hostile frame of mind. Of my own books, I doubt if she had scanned more than the publisher's blurb of two or three. Sometimes I say to people: "I know there are not enough hours in a day or enough days in a life to read everything you should not miss, but can't you come once in a while with an open heart and an open mind to a good children's book about childhood that reputation tells you has made the grade? You might be surprised by the substance you take away."

How much has society's labored misreading of a well-known Biblical text cut off adult man and woman from many of the sensual wonders of life or, at best, muted the appreciation or diluted the appreciation of emotions and sensations and events that should have *excited* them to the bloodstream. The young person is forever being urged to grow up, and there is a carryover of this unthinking indoctrination into adult life that desensitizes people. *Immature* is the word I read on a school report in 1968 referring to one of my daughters then nine years of age. What does God have in mind for a girl to be at nine years of age?

Putting away childish things, surely, has nothing to do with putting away the child. It is a total distortion of terms. The child should go on inside you helping you to reach out to each new emotion, helping you to excite to each new encounter, helping you to delight unconditionally to each new experience of the senses. Why should it be considered an unendurable or unacceptable strain? Given good health, are 70 or 80 years too many to handle when it has taken 4 billion years to prepare the place where you stand?

Life can be a rugged experience—I am aware of it. I have lived through generous rations of fear and poverty and sorrow, but I have come through, I think, with the child in me relatively intact. It is an inner quality, not worn externally, not always visible externally, a very personal matter. Perhaps it is why I write for children, though I prefer to say it has happened to me because I write for children, and this I would wish for other writers of serious intent to enjoy. It comes so close to the core of all creativity, and this brings me to the threshold of thoughts I am anxious to express well: how is it that an adult of mature years and tastes and appetites

can sustain the state of mind and emotion that writing about children for children obviously requires? Is it an agony? Is it worth it? Is there a measure by which one may say it is a proper activity for a serious writer? Or does one come to it simply because there is nowhere else to go; does one home in upon one's metier instinctively? Each to his own?

Creative writing for children does require a particular facility, but the writer is not likely to dig it out of himself roots and stalk and blossom fully grown. It is a discipline of specific subtleties arising out of awareness most laboriously sought but joyously found, and the best of it stands unblushingly as literature beside the best of anything. The worst of it should be sunk with a millstone in the sea.

I become irritable and intolerant when confronted by the smooth-tongued purveyors of the blatantly commercial second-rate. "We are giving them what they want" is the alleged doctrine of these people. I believe *they* do not want it for a moment and would never miss it if it were not there. The blatant second-raters dish up what is easiest to concoct or what careless or unthinking or ignorant adults are prepared to accept without question or exercise of discernment for their children or grandchildren or nieces or nephews or, Heaven forbid, for their students.

The pulp trade for kids is gigantic. It prospers on apathy and sells by the truckload because it sets up in the marketplace where the public gathers with the payday dollar. And people get what they bargain for—the superficially pretty book, the lazy book, the formula book, the patronizing book—and someone is making a wad of money out of it, though I doubt if much of this finds its way to the initial creators. In my view these people, both creators and publishers, are the ultimate cynics.

The producer of the honest second-rate is another matter. Time and persistence and conscience may yet make something of him, though not necessarily.

I would like to define, from my narrow viewpoint, what a good children's book is not. I am not implying that bad or dishonest children's books will cripple the finer instincts forever and will not give some poor little innocents their modicum of moderate pleasure, but good children's books available at the same price—or less,

in paperback—would have given the same children so much more. And I do not mean *more* in the sense that these children know it from the corruptive, insidious, and sickening materialism of much mass-media advertising and virtually all mass-media giveaways, those daily doses of perversion administered in the privacy of their own homes.

A good children's book is not an imitation of something else, not an imitation of last year's Newbery or last year's Carnegie, not an imitation of Walt Disney, not an imitation of Lewis Carroll, not intellectually or emotionally or artistically shoddy. It does not inevitably sugar the pill of life. It does not manipulate or indoctrinate. It is not public relations copy for anybody or anything, or sooner or later it is the sick victim of its own infection. It does not necessarily begin with *once upon a time* or necessarily end with *happily ever after*.

It is, as you can see, demonstrably easy to string a list of negatives together but much more difficult to define what a good children's book is. Bluntly, it is or it isn't, and over it almost certainly hang controversy and passions of difference that comparable literature intended for adults rarely provokes. Thank God, it is almost impossible to define the positives, or some smart aleck would long ago have programed a computer. It remains an intensely human matter of creation and choice and approval, and original works for children, like exotic flowers, are springing up all over the world. Never before, as far as I know, have writers succeeded so often with brilliance.

Is it possible then to define the writer who can reach children? May we come closer to a definition of a good book by swinging in from another angle?

Any writer who considers himself too sensitive or too subtle or too mature or simply too brilliant to write for children is undoubtedly a person of keen self-perception. And any writer who has discovered that the big, bad, man-size world is a bit beyond him and feels that the time has come to set his sights a little lower would be better digging a hole and jumping into it.

I would suggest that the writer for children can identify with children, consciously or subconsciously, and can project his images through the written word in such a way that children can

identify with him. Here we run into a problem of word usage. *Identify*. The terms *identify* and *identification* have become clichés. The inference of their true meaning has degenerated to a kind of second-rate emotional twitch. I am talking of a genuine emotion, a genuine and huge transformation of one's personal attitudes as an adult back into a genuine reexperience of one's personal attitudes as a child.

The children's writer does not write for all children any more than the writer for adults writes for all adults. You reach those and please those who tune in on your wavelength. It is a very personal matter. Rapport, no less and probably no more. If it is not there the reader is wasting his time. If it is there it's something like a love affair, and even children fall in love. It is an absurdity of much criticism that one adult person can declare the judgment that a book will not appeal to children—in the plural, in the mass. There are factors involved here, there are vanities and assumptions that perturb me, because the influence of some of these people is out of all proportion to their stature. Children have sent their love to me for giving them stories that adult authorities have declared no child would understand or want to read.

It is fashionable where I come from, and probably elsewhere, to deny that one writes for children specifically, to assert that one writes for people, but I cannot hang my hat on that hook. I believe one *does* write for children in a certain difficult-to-define way. There is, as you know, a strong school of criticism directed against some writers because they write about children rather than for them. The subtlety of this distinction has always eluded me. I have to say that the writer for children, as I know him, is very much committed to writing about children.

In a *Times Literary Supplement* of five years ago, in what I assume was meant to be a major critical article, a full page of it about books I have written, I read, and I quote, that "most children have fantasies of their own, but do not particularly relish a description of other people's." This generalization typifies the nature of the article—generalizations one after the other. And what is a generalization? It is the taking-away of individuality from human experience and human response. In this case it is psychology gone mad, the closed adult mind out of touch with the open

child mind. It is the ivory-tower mind no longer in communion with the soul of story or storyteller or listener. What do people build these opinions upon and how by preaching them do they acquire stature for themselves and disciples to follow them? Often they go further and state that this writer or that writer is trapped in the discipline of this branch of psychology or that branch of psychology and develops his plots in detail beforehand in accord with this theory or that theory or some other brand of categorical declaration.

The creative writer, as I know him, does not function this way. He is intuitive. His raw material is life. He is not shaped in a jelly mold. He is himself, instinctively following the light and the radiation of his own star. Immediately he opens a textbook or tunes into the limitations of a theory, he is someone else and less than himself. So I know nothing of what social scientists have declared. Their work belongs in its proper and rightful place. That place is not in the mind of a creative writer. I have never read a textbook on psychology and will not rectify this abysmal lack even to prove a critic right.

I must say something about criticism. It is a fact of life for the writer and I doubt if any writer is completely immune to its effects. Only once have I followed the advice of a critic and that was a mistake. Over the last 17 years I have ignored the critics, in that sense, though they continue to try my patience very sorely. You know I do not mean all critics or all criticism. I'm human, I enjoy a pat on the back, I blossom where there is understanding; but I wither where there is injustice and malice. So I try not to read destructive criticism, but sometimes it creeps under the guard, appearing where one does not expect to find it or coming as a shock from a formerly sympathetic source.

These are matters perhaps peculiar to the criticism of children's books. Some critics forget that literature is literature and that a serious work of fiction has its own personality, its own morality, its own soul, and the writer has passed through an experience gathering from it all that he can whether it reflects his own soul or not. There is a type of critic who forgets this under pressure or does not know it and proceeds to impale the author upon the hot little sticks of his own personal hangups, condemning sturdily

all matters with which he does not or feels he should not concur. He attacks the author personally though he knows nothing of the author's private life and would not recognize him on the doorstep of his own house. Histrionics run out by the yard, often so wide of the world that children actually live in that one wonders—as I have said on one other occasion—whether some of these people are born six feet tall with boots on. Sometimes it seems to me that *anyone* may call himself an expert on children's literature and may nail up his plate and proceed to pontificate, no matter what he does to the reputation, public or private, or to the emotional state of the writer's inner life.

The writer, be it understood, must never reply in print—or orally in a voice too loud—and must never name these people; goodness, that would be ill-bred. If he breaks this rule he will be strung up by the toes a second time while inches of his spirit are publicly hacked off. There are limits to how far mere mortals can stand this treatment before something is seriously hurt. Yet I do know of private apologies from critics for various scurilous utterances. I do not know of public apologies in print for anyone else to hear about.

Any writer who believes he can stand up to this kind of thing uncomplainingly, even joyously, and doesn't run too fast for cover at the sight of a living, red-blooded kid, and can accept the judgment of a substantial bloc of his fellow writers that he has found his proper level, then he's in, he's the man for books for kids, though perhaps he should look in a general way at what is already lying about. He might not have done this in a long time. Except for the enduring classics, much of what he read years ago and even remembers with affection may look less than monumental in present company. There is a difficulty here, however. One feels one should say, "Yes, do look at what others have done," yet this advice I have not taken myself. I know what other writers are doing only by reputation. For me that is enough. For others it might not be enough. There is a philosophy in this, not to be expressed in half a dozen words; it comes back to the nature and objectives of the writer's talent.

The survival of the classics is interesting. Most were written for adults. Children adopted them. Is it a thought to be hurried over as irrelevant?

Present-day literate children, under the guidance of sensitive teachers and librarians, helped by the reactions of responsible critics, expect more than the old sentimental sweetness, the old superheroes, the old exploits of middle or upper class children solving crimes and accomplishing deeds beyond the intelligence or courage or capacity of grownups. We are writing now for what is the largest literate openhearted audience in the history of the world. I would not try to calculate how many of these children I have met in recent years face to face or through correspondence. I begin most working days by answering their letters. We are not committed to a noncaring, uninterested, apathetic, brassed-off audience. At the risk of sounding trite, we are committed to the hope of the world—and should never for a moment doubt it.

As for the *ill*-literate children I regret that it appears there is not much the serious writer can do. I have anguished over it, I have been asked to write in simplified English, to confine myself to set vocabularies, to limit themes and avoid abstracts, but I have always in the end refused, not able to convince myself that the specialist editors and educationalists concerned were beyond challenge in their views. I stick to my instinct that the person who is not going to read is not going to read, and that the person who is going to read, eventually, will get there on his own terms. The experts can probably produce masses of bullets to shoot me down; they're welcome, that's their privilege; but I keep to my instinct that we are trying to turn uncomplicated people into what they are not, and we go on adding to their lives tensions and anxieties and pressures they do not need and would be much happier without.

The serious creative writer cannot and must not reduce his standards to a lowest common denominator. I know some are trying to do this, from high motives, but I believe they are in error. Immediately the creative writer stoops he loses his stature. His disciplines collapse. The good writer, despite himself, can produce a load of rubbish. It is the responsibility, however difficult, of the teacher to bring the marginal child up to the writer, to whatever level the particular writer functions at. The writer cannot go down. But I repeat, I fear for the peace of mind and the emotional balance of the child who is driven

uphill against his will. Who and what turns kids into split personalities and sick personalities? Too many of the kids I know who have gone this way have been pushed. Yet there are other children who never can and never will come up to meet the writer. To take an extreme case my own youngest child at home, now aged 12, cannot write or read or speak and probably never will. We are not born intellectually or emotionally equal. Yet this child of ours will drag us by the hand across the garden to a flower, and for hours will watch the moon, her eyes radiant.

The only way the writer can reach the marginal children is by going out to meet them, to meet *all* children, indiscriminately, and people such as I often do, but to acquit oneself adequately takes years of practice, of disciplining nerves and self-consciousness, even of subduing one's proper modesty, but I do see it as an exciting and rejuvenating part of the life of the writer, even though in the immediate sense it can be an exhausting ordeal. I go out, certainly twice in every year, into culturally deprived or geographically remote areas for the Australian Literature Board, supplied with a government car and a driver-escort, to meet up with schoolchildren by the score or by the hundred several times in every school day over two or even three successive weeks, usually speaking to their parents at night, and traveling in between in stages probably several hundred miles in each day.

One goes out to these kids to stir them up, to entertain them, to bring them something they haven't seen before, and this sort of stimulation given only once can set the gifted child on his way, or bring the backward or reluctant reader finally to the printed page, but there that lass or lad has to discover that the writer on paper is not the same as the writer who clowned in the classroom or on the school stage. To the novelist, as such, I fear, vast numbers of children are lost and if he tries to reach them in print he does so at peril. If he reaches them by striking a responsive chord, hallelujah, but that is another matter. We each live in a different world, there are as many worlds as persons, and as many needs, every consciousness and every encounter is unique. No one knows what is waiting to be found, even in his own mind, until he explores.

I cannot see how the writer for children, for his own sake, can consider the risk of consciously

compromising an intellectual principle, or of committing the patronage of consciously contriving character or incident, or of consciously considering the boy or girl who is to read him as other than his equal. You are aware of him as a child, but never as an iddy biddy little kiddie. He can always go back a page and pick you up again if he's in doubt. If he can't be bothered to go back a page, then clearly in his case it doesn't matter anyway.

As I see it, the writer is on his honor to extend his creative capacities always to the limit. If he does not, he is betraying himself. Talents grow from stretching, not from being compressed. The writer may use language as he wishes, grandly or daringly or experimentally. He may be as *different* as his star directs. He is deluded if he believes he is creatively inhibited or caged or finds himself wondering whether his genius is going to waste on pint-sized mentalities. The kids in tune with him will be up there with him. Critics may tell him he is writing over their heads. Children will send letters with love to say, "Thank you for opening my eyes." If some children *are* left confused or wondering or frustrated by what he has given them it is simply a foretaste of life.

Think on the complexities of your readership. Every day someone coming to you for the first time. Always someone growing, evolving, as you draw him into your creation. A readership not set in its ways, its tastes not formed, its opinions not determined. Oh, tread with care. This at times becomes an all but daunting challenge to creativity and decision, yet I do not see that the closed roads and detours impose restrictions that are unacceptable to a free, creating spirit. They provoke him. They stimulate him. Certainly the mainstream of present-day writing for adults might indicate that novelists are superbly liberated, or possibly it indicates something else, a sort of uncaring, unthinking, undisciplined pitching of paint at a wall that later generations may scrape off.

What I wish for the writer for children, what I wish for myself, is the ultimate compliment—the return of the child in maturity to read the same book with new insight, new discovery, new joy. I would not wish for the writer for children, or for me, that the child in maturity should come back with the accusation: "You deceived me. You sold me short. You did not write from your

heart. You wrote in a hurry off the top of your head."

What does one write for children?

I hesitate to accept that there can be a significant difference, at heart, where it counts, between modern children and the rest of the kids who have gone swarming across this planet since men and women long ago started waking up to the miracle of being. We all have in common our childhood, this extraordinary, overwhelming occurrence, this progress of the pilgrim seed through years of gathering awareness. And most of us have in common a tragic capacity to forget what childhood is about. We leap into the luxury of grownup liberty and allow the impact of life and events upon children to sink at once into a shadowed pit. We ignore the truth (until violently reminded) that anything that can happen to a grown person can happen to a person not grown. We forget the vividness and brilliance and breathtaking wonderment of the world a kid finds each morning when he slams the door and rushes out. We forget its terror, its violence, its bewilderment, except in the sense that children should be shielded and sheltered, that voices should not be raised in anger or serious dispute in their presence. There is a certain irrationality about this. We rear them upon impossible simplicities that must confuse them profoundly, that life consists of opposites; dark, light; dull, bright; bad, good; wrong, right; and that parents are all-wise and all-knowing and sinless.

We expend great labors during a child's early years influencing him, one way or the other, and he spends his youth reversing the procedure. If we raise a healthy pagan he goes searching for God; if we raise a healthy Methodist, my sainted aunt, one hardly dares picture him on the loose. When you write for children about life how can you depict it as anything other than you know it to be? To fail is simply to be guilty of deceit. The ultimate judgment on issues and events must be left to the children who read you, no matter how long it takes them in terms of words or years to grasp what you're driving at. You are under oath to truth as your personal daemon reveals it. That is all you have to give.

You must subdue the parent in you, the pre-packaged moralizer in you, the disciplinarian or the crank in you—unless it be to isolate those attitudes you did not possess when you were 10 or 12

or 14. Those attitudes are the eggs of the cuckoo. If you are to recreate with integrity you have to identify all the way, no matter how passionately grownups are going to accuse you of selling out on adult authority or dignity. If you really are concerned about those values you are in the wrong vocation—or you are still immature as a writer. How quickly accepted adult viewpoints set in once the sobering achievement of parenthood has been attained. Accepted viewpoints need not necessarily be right. Every day some wild lad changes from a harem-scarem (in the proper sense of the word) to a righteous citizen and adds sonorously to the parental clamour.

To reach children in the dimension I am talking about I believe you must regenerate your child-mind and see the world in that oldtime emotional brilliance that used to leave you all-of-a-tremble. If you break through into it—what an adventure waits. When you enter into the world again as a child, when you make this emotional leap, there are no longer real inhibitions or real prohibitions to fence you out or fence you off, there is no longer a problem of what to write about or of how to go about it. It is all there, waiting to be explored. You have your adult skills to enable you to sort things out, added to the exhilaration of a 10- or 12- or 14-year-old heartbeat. Instinctively you know whether your theme is in key or flat. That you can still make mistakes simply adds to the zest.

Can method be defined? In literature can there be a method? I suspect that once rules are made or adopted or obeyed it becomes a process, not a creation. It can be an elegant process and an elegant result, but does it carry the distinction or the style or the poise of an original unique in itself? Yet what is a human being but a miracle of unique variation within a given frame? I'm arguing against myself. I do not know whether there is method or not.

One distinguished friend of mine sees it all, then puts it down, as Mozart I'm told used to do. The magnitude of this intelligence crushes me. Dare I confess that my creative spirit stretches and strives and struggles? The theme is always there, dormant or growing imperceptibly since the dawn of awareness, I guess. The main theme. The lead theme. The broadest concept of what the book is to be about in the broadest possible terms, yet sometimes it is so feeble

that it lies all but lost beneath what I finish up with. I am not meticulous or fussy or impatient at the beginning, even if the whole thing looks suspiciously like a puff of wind. I find that building a book is much like building a wall; I manage best a brick at a time. But there is a difference. The wall you finish up with often resembles closely the wall you originally had in mind. The book you finish up with may come as a staggering surprise.

I choose my characters and to this group of people rarely add. Those I glimpse first of all usually see me through to the end. Almost always they grow from reality, from adults I know pictured as children, or actual children about me now or known way back. Some are born out of fragments, fragments of other people, fragments of myself, and create themselves, create their own lives. A name has its own generating power, so I know the meanings of names or can refer to their meanings in appropriate dictionaries. This can take days, the choosing and naming of characters, with care, with anticipation, with expectation, even with excitement.

I select the scene. (These initial steps are deliberate steps.) Is it to happen in a city, or a country town, on a mountain, beside the sea, down a hole, up a tree? The pleasurable toying with alternatives. Scene influences character. Bill under tension is different from Bill at ease. Jane on a mountain is not the same as Jane beside the sea. Fascinating.

My book is still a mystery, an unexplored land. It can be anything of a thousand million things; that's how many books there are out there waiting to be found. But little by little, by luxuriously daydreaming, I am narrowing the choice down; more often than not drawing closer unawares to the story that will invite me in this time. Twelve hours a day it might hold me for a week or two weeks or more, just looking for the door, with little to show, but I have learnt not to rush, not to push hard. Better to relax, to enjoy myself, slowly swinging my chair, deleting all uninviting possibilities, or grossly improper ones (that can happen, you know), discarding all stupidities and irrationalities, until the moment is there. "Eureka." The door! It happens. It's there. A mood, a word, a certainty that from here I go on into the unknown, that inexhaustible source of originalities from out of which comes excite-

ment that I wish all could enjoy. The unknown is a word ahead of me all the time, word by word I move out into it, a patient, wondering, questing exploration. A contemplation of the word.

Why are so many writers in a hurry? Out of haste comes mediocrity, comes the cliche, comes the predictable situation and word, comes the usual old story. I know there are exceptions, I know there are times when the fire burns brightly and furiously, but it is uncommon for these times to be built in significant terms upon other than the pure excitement of preparatory meditation and considered choice. To writers who ask me, I say, "Give yourself a chance. Allow your story to find its way. Discover your story day by day. Exercise your control of it by rejecting the false. For every right way there are innumerable wrong ways. Your quality as a writer depends upon your talent for making choices." Discovering a good story day by day is an enormous joy. It is like living another life. Everything you have is committed, your entire intellectual and emotional and spiritual resources.

Out of this contemplative approach comes the wisdom that surprises you, comes the poetry you have never heard before, all the themes that build your book, the innumerable themes that arise unexpectedly, the mood, the tone, the depth,

the breadth, the humanity—all these qualities are born from contemplation of your own word. Not from reflections of what others have done, not from great poetry or great prose subconsciously recalled, not borrowed, not stolen, not strayed in because the fence was down. This is the peculiar joy that belongs to the slowly grown, self-cultivated writer who with deliberate intent or from the compulsion that time is only for rest or creativity, has denied himself the pleasures of the great literature of the world.

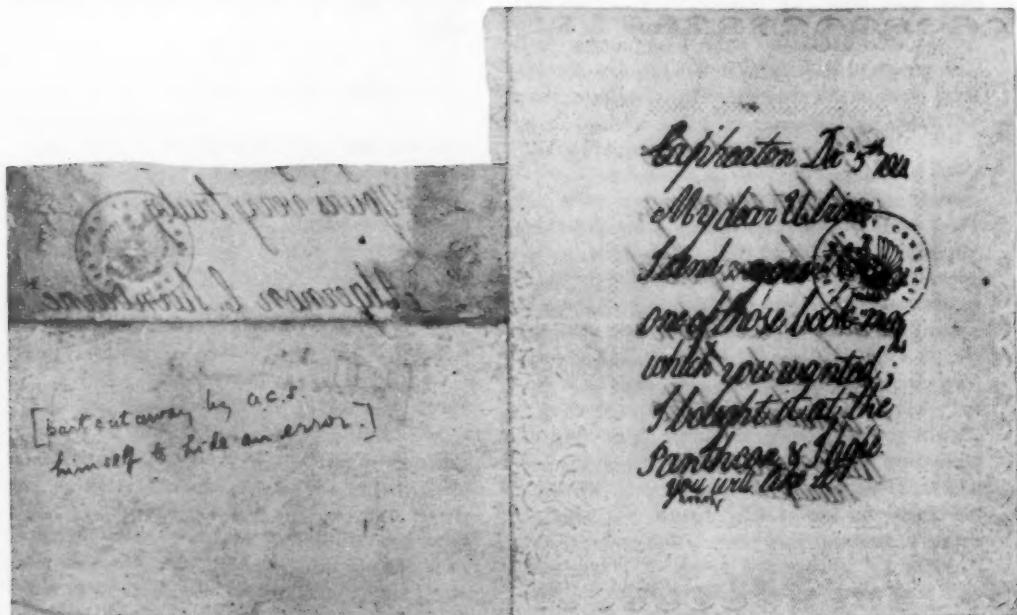
I have no scale against which to judge except the rhythms of the Bible, the King James, sown during faraway hearings of childhood when the groundword was done, rhythms from the pulpit, rhythms from readings at home. The back pew with my mother and father and young brother was my college, oldtime nonconformist preachers were my lecturers, the only serious lecturers I have ever known. There was a depression and my father died and there was work to be done. At just 14 years of age school was gone, suddenly, in a day.

Fulfillment is not the acclaim. Fulfillment is the work as it goes, as it leaves you at the end of a long day, or a long year, trembling, glowing, warm.

"My dear Ulrica..."

Swinburne's Earliest Letter

by Francis Jacques Sypher, Jr.



Sheltered among the collections of the Library of Congress is a little note written by the 11-year-old Algernon Charles Swinburne to a young friend of his. In its painfully careful handwriting—recognizably similar to that of Swinburne's later manuscripts—and its childish courtesy and formality, Swinburne's earliest known letter is altogether characteristic of the poet-to-be. Cecil Y. Lang, to whom students of Swinburne must always be grateful, in his edition of *The Swinburne Letters* printed this letter in a footnote, in which he said that he could not certify its authenticity.¹ The following account, in which the circumstances of the letter are explained and the addressee identified, should dispel any doubt. Since little is known of Swinburne's early life, even such a small contribution as this may point the way to important new sources of information.

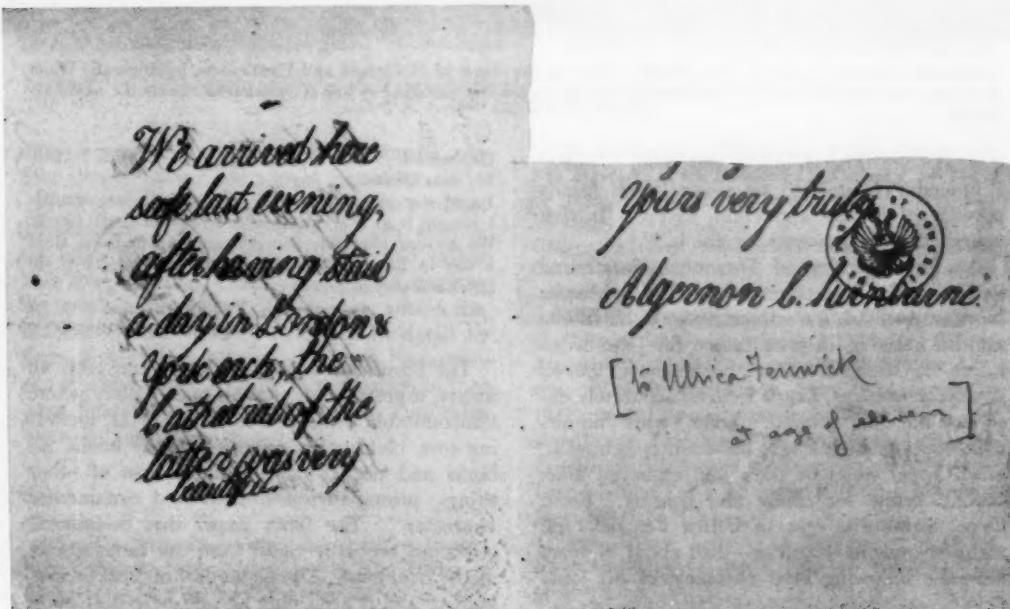
Swinburne, it will be remembered, was born in 1837 and grew up in a great, handsome house called East Dene, at Bonchurch, on the east coast of the Isle of Wight, where he gloried in the pleasures of sun and sea. He received his first education from his mother, who included in her teaching lessons in French and Italian and en-

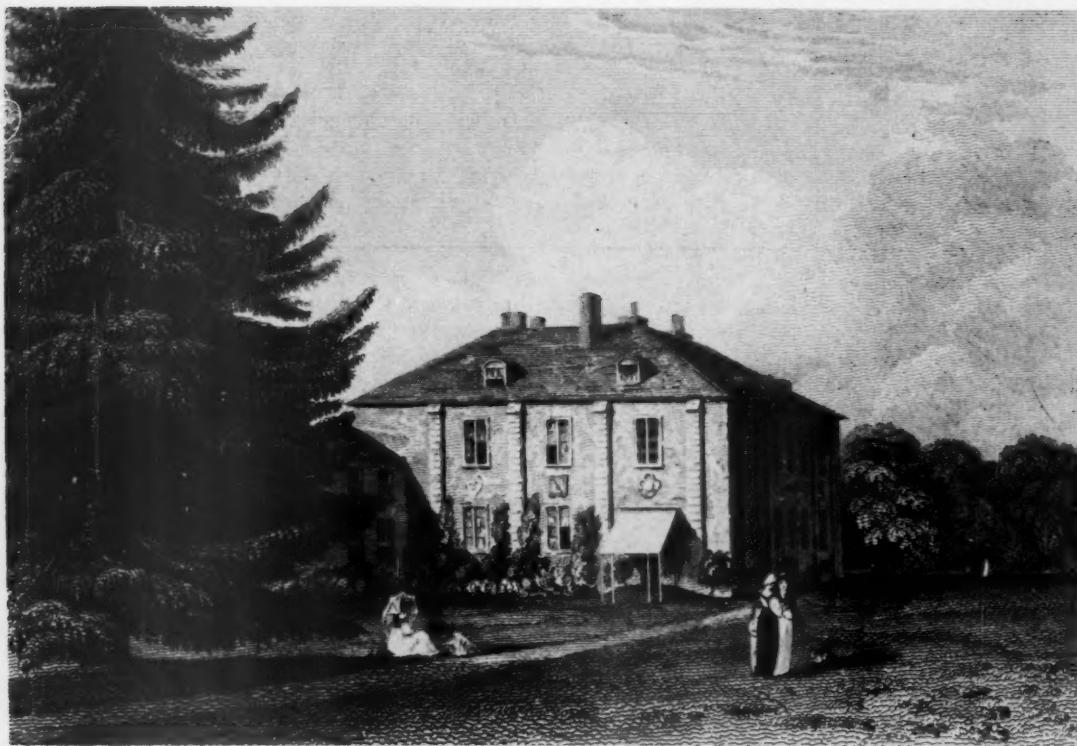
couraged her son's reading of Shakespeare by allowing him the privilege of bringing his Bowdler to the table.

In the autumn of 1848 it was decided that the boy should begin his formal preparation for Eton under the direction of the Reverend Collingwood Forster Fenwick (1790–1858), rector of Brooke, a small parish on the opposite side of the island where Algernon was to live for the time, since the rectory was too far from home for him to go back and forth every day. The rector is said to have "expressed himself astonished at finding the child already so deeply taught in certain directions." His preparations for school were doubtless confined to Latin and Greek grammar, perhaps also mathematics.²

Swinburne's aunt and uncle lived not far away, at Northcourt, where Swinburne stayed for a few days on his way to Brooke. His cousin, Mary Gordon, recalled visiting him after he was established at the rectory. "He carried me off up to his own room, which he exhibited with great

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Capheaton, Northumberland. From Neale's Views of the Seats of Noblemen and Gentlemen, in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, vol. 1. The drawing for the engraving was done by one of Swinburne's aunts. LC-USZ62-49529

glee, saying: '*Everything* in this room is mine.' I immediately pointed to a very large family portrait of a lady and child, saying: 'Is *that* yours?' 'No—but everything else is.'"³

At the beginning of December, Swinburne went on one of his customary visits to Capheaton, Northumberland, the ancestral seat of his family and the home of his grandfather, Sir John Swinburne.⁴ A passage from Swinburne's novel, *Love's Cross-Currents: A Year's Letters*, accurately describes the "big brilliant" house, with "admirable slopes of high bright hill-country behind it, green sweet miles of park and embayed lake, beyond praise for riding and boating." From there, Swinburne sent to Ulrica Fenwick, the rector's youngest daughter—then about 17 years old—the following brief chronicle of his journey:⁵

Capheaton
My dear Ulrica

I send you one of those book-marks which you wanted; I bought it at the Pantheon & I hope you will like it. We arrived here safe last evening, after having staid a day in London & York each; the Cathedral of the latter was very beautiful.

Yours very truly,
Algernon C. Swinburne.

The Pantheon was a London bazaar with an aviary, a greenhouse, and an open gallery where "uncountable trinkets" could be bought, including toys, children's clothes, children's books, albums and pocket-books, "and a host of other things, principally of a light and ornamental character."⁶ The fancy paper that Swinburne wrote on probably came from the same source as the bookmark. The Cathedral of York is well known, and it need only be said here that upon



The open gallery at the Pantheon Bazaar. From London, ed. Charles Knight, vol. 5, p. 400. LC-USZ62-49630

such a passionate Anglican as Swinburne was then it must have made a great impression.

By the following spring, Swinburne's school preparations were as complete as they were to be. On April 24, 1849, his mother and father took him to Eton, where he appeared hugging his treasured Bowdler's Shakespeare, with a distinctive bookmark in it, described in detail by Lord Redesdale in his reminiscences: "a narrow slip of ribbon, blue I think, with a button of that most heathenish marqueterie called Tunbridge ware dangling from the end of it."⁷

Notes

¹ See *The Swinburne Letters*, 6 vols. (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1959-62), 1: 1. The letter is in the Algernon Charles Swinburne collection, Miscellaneous Manuscripts, Box 173, Manuscript Division.

² On the Rector of Brooke, see *Alumni Oxonienses: The Members of the University of Oxford 1715-1886*, by Joseph Foster, Later Series, E-K (Oxford and London: J. Foster, n.d.), p. 456. Also, *Brasenose College Register, 1509-1909*, 2 vols. in 1 (Oxford: Oxford Historical Society, 1909), 1:422. His death notice appeared in the *Times*, December 9, 1858. The quotation is from Edmund Gosse, *The Complete Works of Algernon Charles Swinburne*, vol. 19, *The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne*, Bonchurch Edition (London: W. Heinemann Ltd.; New York: G. Wells, 1927), p. 10. On Swinburne's studies at Brooke, see also Georges Lafourcade, *La Jeunesse de Swinburne*, 2 vols. (Paris: Société d'édition Les Belles lettres; London, New York: H. Milford, Oxford University Press, 1928), 1:71-72.

³ Mrs. Disney Leith, *The Boyhood of Algernon Charles Swinburne* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1917), p. 8.

⁴ On Capheaton, see J. P. Neale, *Views of the Seats*

of *Noblemen and Gentlemen, in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland*, 6 vols. (London: Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, 1822), 1:unpaged.

* Perhaps a familial censor made Swinburne erase the words *my pretty* and write the more discrete *you* in their place in his opening line. The error referred to in the note on the back—"part cut away by A C S himself to hide an error."—may have been another indiscretion. The words "[to Ulrica Fenwick at age of eleven]" are pencilled in the same hand (not Swinburne's). Under the word *you* at the bottom of the front page is a word which I cannot make out.

A manuscript pedigree of the Fenwick family, compiled by Alan Fenwick Radcliffe, shows Ulrica Amelia Fenwick as the youngest daughter of Collingwood Forster Fenwick, with the note "living at Oxford 1902" (Ac. 11805 in the Family History Collection of the Society of Genealogists, to whom I am grateful for this information). Her death on May 27, 1908, at Oxford is recorded in the *Times*, May 29, 1908; a notice of her bequests, the *Times*, July 3, 1908. Accord-

ing to her death certificate, at Somerset House, she was 77 years old, and unmarried, when she died. Until it is possible to find out more about Ulrica, one can only wonder what sentimental tie made her preserve this memorial.

The letter was offered for sale as item 527 in the catalog *Autographs and Manuscripts: the Stock of Robert H. Dodd, November 21-22* (New York: The Anderson Galleries, 1918), p. 50. It was offered again as item 576 in the catalog *First Editions and Fine Bindings . . . including Books from the Library of the Late J. B. Foley* (New York: American Art Association, 1928), p. 72. The Library of Congress obtained it from Goodspeed's in Boston. (John S. Mayfield kindly sent me these references.)

* G. Dodd, "London Shops and Bazaars," in *London*, ed. Charles Knight, 6 vols. (London: C. Knight & Co., 1841-44), 5:396-97. There is an attractive picture of the conservatory in E. Beresford Chancellor's *Life in Regency and Early Victorian Times* (London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd. [1927]), plate 5.

⁷ Gosse, *Life*, p. 290.



Porgy and Bess

by Wayne D. Shirley

The average operatic work has a life expectancy about as long as that of ice sculpture. Yet the few operas which survive the attrition of time have the power to shape our thinking about persons and places which challenges that of any other art form. To many—not necessarily musicians—Mantua is a ruined inn where a father's curse will be fulfilled; Nuremberg is a sunny room where an old artist will teach a young singer to turn his dream into poetry;

Seville is the outside of a bullring where the most fascinating of seductresses will meet her end; pre-Revolution Moscow is a room in the Kremlin where the mad Czar recoils from his vision of the murdered prince as the clocks strike. So far, only one city in the United States has been hallowed by such associations: Charleston,

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South Carolina, where a nonexistent square called Catfish Row¹ is known intimately to generations of theatergoers throughout the world.

The Library of Congress is proud to be the possessor of the manuscript score of George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, the work which gave Catfish Row operatic immortality, along with some of the material relating to its creation. Although most of the *Porgy and Bess* material is the generous gift of George Gershwin's brother, *Porgy*'s librettist Ira Gershwin, this article will consider chiefly a gift from another source: the first-draft typescript libretto given the Music Division by Dr. Albert Sirmay.

The libretto of *Porgy and Bess*, like most opera libretti, is based on a preexistent work. The ultimate source of the story is DuBose Heyward's novel *Porgy*, published in 1925. Although the character of Porgy was based on a familiar Charleston figure, the goat-cart beggar Samuel Smalls, Heyward was careful to disclaim his intent to write the biography of an actual person. In 1927, in the introduction to the play *Porgy*, Heyward wrote:

To Smalls I make acknowledgment of my obligation. From contemplation of his real, and deeply moving, tragedy [Smalls had been arrested for the attempted shooting of a woman] sprang Porgy, a creature of my imagination, who synthesized for me a number of divergent impressions and emotions, and upon whom, being my own creation, I could impose my own white man's conception of a summer of aspiration, devotion, and heartbreak across the colour wall.²

Previous page: "Slave Quarters," the back of 101 East Bay, Charleston, S.C., used by Mamoulian for the stage set of the play Porgy. Etching by Elizabeth O'Neill Verner. Used by permission of the artist. From the Prints and Photographs Division.

Facing page: A page of libretto with Gershwin's working notes. The note at right "see Lonesome Graveyard in Porgy songs" is the one reference in Gershwin's hand to the music used in the play Porgy. The musical sketch on the left gives the rhythm, though not the notes, of the lament as Gershwin finally wrote it. (In the opera the name "Nelson" has given way to the name "Clara," another victim of the hurricane in the preceding scene.) The scoring indication "low W.W." (woodwind) was not carried out, since the dialog at the bottom of the page was, in fact, cut. Barely visible at the bottom right of the page, one of Gershwin's sketched faces gazes nonchalantly at the tragedy.

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And the book itself begins with a pull away from reality, a pastoral opening that sounds the note which the various *Porgys* have sustained:

Porgy lived in the Golden Age. Not the Golden Age of a remote and legendary past; nor yet the chimerical era treasured by every man past middle life, that never existed except in the heart of youth; but an age when men, not yet old, were boys in an ancient, beautiful city that time had forgotten before it destroyed.

George Gershwin was impressed as early as 1926 with the operatic possibilities of *Porgy* and approached Heyward at that time with an offer of collaboration. It is probably fortunate that Gershwin decided to defer his operatic version until the play *Porgy*, which was being prepared for the Theatre Guild, had been produced. It is an adage among opera buffs that operas based on plays have a greater chance of success than operas based on novels. (Of operas currently in the center of the repertory, only *Lucia di Lammermoor* is based directly on a full-length novel.) On the legitimate stage the authors have the chance of experimenting with the changes needed to rework a novel into a drama—extreme condensing, developing characters through dialog alone—without incurring the crushing expense that even minor revisions of a post-Wagner opera entail. (You can rewrite Act III of a play two nights before the opening; an opera you can only cut.) *Porgy and Bess*³ is, in fact, an opera drawn from the play *Porgy* rather than from the novel *Porgy*: it follows the outlines of the play with only those changes necessary to make it suitable for the sung theater.

The idea of transmuting the novel *Porgy* into a play came not from DuBose Heyward but from his wife, Dorothy. DuBose Heyward at first had doubts:

When dramatization was first suggested to me by Dorothy Heyward I was skeptical, believing that the difficulties [of "attempting an interpretation of the inner life of an alien people"] would only be multiplied by the uncompromising objectivity of the stage. It was not until she submitted her first rough draft of the manuscript that I agreed to the experiment and offered my services as collaborator.⁴

The title page of *Porgy, a Play in Four Acts* testifies to Dorothy Heyward's faith; the author credit reads: "by Dorothy Heyward and DuBose Heyward."

Act 3

3 - 1

Scene 1

(Before rise of curtain in the music of a spiritual can be heard faintly. St. Michael's clock chimes and strikes one. It is midnight-dark in the court except for an occasional light showing from a window, a glow from Maria's cook-shop, and lights in Annie's room over dance hall where the spiritual is being sung.

Porgy is at his window, but only partly visible, peering through half-opened shutters. From door-way Rear Left comes Serena. She is carrying a lantern. When the door opens to let her out the spiritual swells up momentarily.

The spiritual is sung by women's voices only, and is a mournful dirge for the dead of the storm.

The song is heard softly through the ensuing dialog.)

Voices of women

Nelson, Nelson, don't you be down-hearted,

Nelson, Nelson, don't you be sad an' lonesome,

Jesus is a-walkin' on de water,

Rise up an' follow him home,

Oh Lawd! Oh, my Jesus!

~~Nelson~~

Rise up an' follow him home.

(See Lonesome Brakeland
in Porgy Songs)

Low W.W.

Serena

(Crossing to her room)

(To Maria who is by table Down Right)

You still up Maria? How come you ain't sing with the women for the dead in the storm?

Maria

Some of them niggers liable to sing there all night. I too tired, an' besides it break my heart to hear them women mournin' for the dead what use to provide em with bread, an' was there lovers too.

(The spiritual is now mourning for Jim. This is done merely by substituting "Jim" for Nelson. This also applies to Clara and Jake, and so on.)

Maria

(Listening to the singing a moment, then continuing)

It give me the creeps, Serena, to think how many ghosts mus' be listenin' 'roun' this court tonight.

Porgy opened at the Guild Theatre in New York on October 10, 1927. It was an instant success and was still running a year and a half later. Even as a play it contained a great deal of music: traditional spirituals, worksongs, an occasional blues. Charles D. Isaacson, music reporter for the *New York Morning Telegraph*, who also took an interest in plays involving music, remarked in his column of May 30, 1928:

Throughout the entire play of the Haywards[!] music is literally woven into the entire texture of the atmosphere and action. From the first curtain to the end, the negroes are singing in joy and sorrow. To eliminate the singing were to rob the production of its power.

Two ghost *Porgys*, important for their possible influence on the opera, turn up between the opening of the play and the start of serious work on the opera. One, a true ghost, was a projected musical-comedy version of *Porgy* to be written by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, with Al Jolson in the title role. (This is a less unlikely idea than it sounds today: Kern and Hammerstein had just had their greatest success with *Show Boat*, which must have seemed as unlikely a property; and Helen Morgan had played a black role in the show with considerable success.) Nothing finally came of this, but Gershwin gallantly held up the start of the opera in hopes that Heyward, who had been badly hit by the depression, could recoup some of his losses by a further parlay of *Porgy* on the commercial stage.

The other ghost *Porgy* not only made the stage but seems to have been a miniature opera. When Lew Leslie's *Blackbirds of 1928* opened at the Liberty Theatre on May 9, 1928, its second act led off with a number entitled "Porgy," with the note "with apologies to the Theatre Guild and Dorothy and DuBose Heyward." By June 20, 1928, when the roving Charles D. Isaacson got to see *Blackbirds*, the number had proved so effective that it had been moved to the position of first-act closer. Isaacson reported on it:

Well, the point of it is that "Blackbirds" has a first act finale.

It is a jazzification glorification of the death-bed scene [i.e. the saucer-burial scene] of that other negro show, the tragedy "Porgy." Apart from the picturesque use of lighting and shadows [an effect which the play *Porgy* had also exploited in this scene] the harmonic construction of the interpolation is immense.

Exactly as it is, I would recommend it for concert performance. It is one of the rare examples of a jazz choral that vies with any so-called harmonization of the modernistic composers out of the popular field.

The only portion of the score to this scene to survive in print is the Dorothy Fields-Jimmy McHugh song "Porgy," a fine song which is still occasionally heard.

One further excerpt survives on record. In 1933 the Brunswick record company put out an album of material from *Blackbirds of 1928*—an ancestor of the later "original cast" albums, although in this case several of the singers used for the recordings were not members of the original cast. One of the records in the album includes two numbers by Ethel Waters (not in the original cast): on one side "Porgy" from the show, on the other a piece identified as W. C. Handy's "St. Louis Blues." The latter has an extensive introduction sung by the Cecil Mack Choir—a musical-dramatic scene which parallels closely the saucer-burial scene in *Porgy*. The parallel extends even to a solo for the undertaker, who provides the transition to "St. Louis Blues" with the following tasteless couplet:

Undertaker

Ready or not, we're gwine to low' him in de ground
Tomorrow evenin', chillun, when de sun go down.

Choir

What that you say? What that you say?

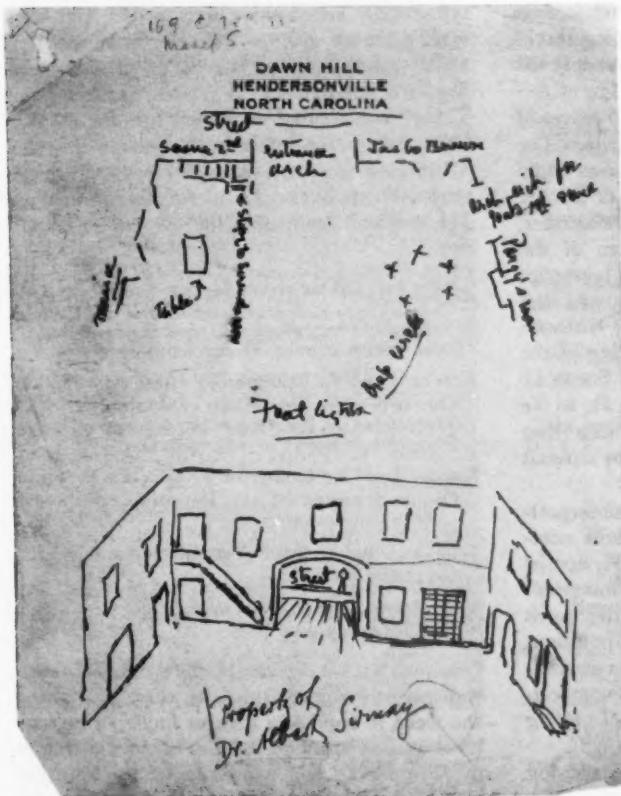
Undertaker

I say tomorrow evenin', chillun, when de sun go down.

Ethel Waters

I hate to see that evenin' sun go down . . .

To this writer the introduction seems patently a part of *Blackbirds'* parody of *Porgy*. The version of "St. Louis Blues" it leads to is also probably a part of the scene, for its words have been altered to fit the situation, and its choral accompaniment is complex and well rehearsed—too expensive a proposition for a record producer who simply wants an old standard to fill in a spare record side. Given the nothing-serious character of *Blackbirds*, it is easy to understand the use of a well-known song with what is in context a singularly bathetic opening line to puncture the tragic mood that a scene like the saucer-burial in *Porgy* would set up, even in the context of a revue.



DuBose Heyward's sketch for the Catfish Row set for *Porgy and Bess*. Sharp eyes will note a room upper stage left for Jasbo Brown, the pianoplayer whose part is almost always cut in production (and whose name Gershwin regularly spelled "Jazzbo").

Those who wish to judge for themselves will find the recording under discussion currently available on Columbia Records album OL 6770.⁵

Did George Gershwin ever see *Blackbirds of 1928*? Isaacson's column on the show, quoted above, was on page two of the issue of the *New York Morning Telegraph* which bore a front-page story about Gershwin, who in a shipboard interview on his return from a trip to Europe praised Alban Berg's work, especially the *Lyric Suite* and *Wozzeck*. ("Gershwin Finds Great Opera Artist," ran the headline.) Gershwin must have clipped this article, for a copy was in Ira Gershwin's possession during the 1960's. Did Gershwin see the review on the other side of the page, and, if he did, was he intrigued enough to visit *Blackbirds of 1928*? In a letter, dated May 25, 1965, to Harold Spivacke, then chief of

the Music Division, Ira Gershwin said that he himself had never seen *Blackbirds of 1928*. It is doubtful that George Gershwin would have visited *Blackbirds* without taking his prospective librettist brother along; still, the possibility is intriguing.

The libretto of *Porgy and Bess* was to be a two-way collaboration, with DuBose Heyward adapting the play to the needs of the operatic stage, and Ira Gershwin supplying the lyrics for the songs that required the touch of the show lyricist. The typescript libretto in the Library is the first-draft libretto sent Gershwin in installments by Heyward in 1933 and 1934, before Ira's additions. It is interesting to the Gershwin scholar not merely as a document of the pre-Ira state of the libretto, however, for George Gersh-

win left on almost every page penciled jottings of ideas brought to his mind by reading the libretto, ideas which were often to flower into the music of the opera.

Physically, the libretto consists of 83 leaves of standard 8½- by 11-inch typewriter paper. The first leaf, on stationery reading "Dawn Hill/ Hendersonville/North Carolina" bears an ink sketch of the Catfish Row set. The remainder, elaborately numbered with indications of the suppression of cut pages, consists of a typescript libretto of an early stage of all of *Porgy and Bess* save for Act II Scene 2, the scene on Kittiwah Island. There is a gap in the numbering of the pages⁶ between 2-18 (end of Act II Scene 1) and 2-24 (beginning of Act II Scene 3), so we can dismiss the barely conceivable idea that *Porgy and Bess* was first intended to be without the Kittiwah Island scene.

One set of Gershwin's notations definitely post-dates the completion of the score. These notations, occupying the verso of page 3-15, consist of a listing of all of the prominent "numbers" in the opera, with author credits for the words of each number. All of Gershwin's other notations seem to stem from the time when he was working with the libretto, either on the actual composition of *Porgy and Bess* or on the task of getting the text in final shape for composition.

The job DuBose Heyward faced in preparing the libretto for Gershwin was threefold: condense the action of the play to accommodate the slower moving timespan of opera, "open up" places for arias and ensembles, and recast the spirituals and other folksongs of the play into nontraditional sets of words that would allow Gershwin to write his own music.

This third task had become the more necessary since between the opening of the play *Porgy* and the beginning of work on the opera two shows relying heavily on the use of traditional spirituals had made a deep impression on Broadway: Marc Connelly's *The Green Pastures* (1930) and Hall Johnson's *Run, Little Chillun* (1933). Using traditional spirituals had been pioneer work in *Porgy*; in *Porgy and Bess* it would have been *vieux jeu*. Most of the quasi-work songs and spirituals that Heyward created for Gershwin remain identifiable as such in the score. However, it was in casting about for a text to replace the traditional couplet "Hush, li'l baby, don' yo'

cry. Fadder an' mudder born to die" that Heyward came up with the lyric for "Summertime," which stands now as the portal of the opera. Similarly, the lyric for "A Woman Is a Sometime Thing" was written as a substitute for a traditional song on the fickleness of women.

Gershwin accepted most of Heyward's quasi-spiritual texts, but he did ask for one substitution. The original "spiritual" for the end of Act I ran:⁷

Gabriel Say! tell the people to come a-runnin'
There's a light in de grave-yard a-shinin' an' a-shinin'
Judgement Day, Judgement Day, Judgement Day,
So early in de mornin'—Judgement Day.

Arise an' Pray! Yo' mother an yo' father will be waitin'
Over in de graveyard a-shinin' an' a-shinin'
Judgement Day, Judgement Day, Judgement Day,
So early in de mornin'—Judgement Day.

Sing an' Pray! Yo' brother an' yo' sister will be waitin'
Over in de grave-yard [etc.; Heyward wrote this and
the subsequent verses out]

Shout an' Pray! Brother Robbins will be waitin'
Over in de grave-yard . . .

Veil yo' face! King Jesus is a-waitin'
Over in de grave-yard . . .

Gershwin may have fought shy of the call-and-response structure of this text, since he wanted the scene to build to a massive finale, or he may have wanted to retain the idea of the meeting in the Promised Land expressed by the spiritual in the play. At any rate he asked for and got a substitute text—the "Train Song," which closes Act I.

The "opening up" of the text for arias and ensembles was often done by Heyward only in the form of suggestions ("Song here for Porgy"). As Ira Gershwin was to be the lyricist for some of the songs, this was an understandable courtesy: what Ira wanted he could volunteer for. The lyrics to "Summertime," "A Woman Is a Sometime Thing," and the "Buzzard Song" do appear in the libretto practically as set. The libretto contains sections designed to be sung as set pieces in the positions where "Bess, You Is My Woman Now," "I Loves You, Porgy," and "Bess, Oh, Where's My Bess?" now stand; in every case some of the words of the numbers as they now appear show up in the libretto, but in every case major alterations have been made. Perhaps the most interesting example is the trio "Bess, Oh, Where's My Bess?" Here is the material as it

	Sugga Brown	
①	Sunbeamine	H.
②	Woman	H.
③	My man gone now	H.
④	Train Song.	H.
	Tong Pull	H.
⑤	Plenty o' nuttin'	H + 9.9
⑥	Buzzard Song	H
⑦	Bess You is my Woman	H + 9.9
	I can't sit down	9.9
	I ain't got no shame	9.9
⑧	Ain't necessary	9.9
	Street Cries?	H.
	I love you Porgy	H + 9.9
	a Red headed Woman	7.9
⑨	Boat fit her yah	H. + 9.9
	Where my Bess?	H + 9.9
	Am on my Way	H.

Gershwin's manuscript list of "numbers" from the show, with credits for lyrics (H for DuBose Heyward, I.G. for Ira Gershwin). The numbers to the left of some of the titles probably indicate those sections of the opera which Gershwin and his editor, Sirmay, planned to publish separately, although "Train Song" and "Buzzard Song" were not, in fact, so published.

appears in the first-draft libretto (stage directions have been omitted):

Porgy

I aint axin' yo' opinion. Where's Bess?

Maria

Dat dirty dog, Sportin' Life make us think you lock up for a year—maybe forever—Yo' woman been very low in her mind.

Porgy

Won't somebody tell me—where's Bess?

Serena

She gone back to the happy-dus' an' the red-eye. She been very drunk, Porgy, an' she done throw Jesus out of her heart.

Porgy

I ain't care what she done—I ain't care what she say—I want her—I want her now.

Lily

Dat hound, Sportin' Life, was forever hangin' aroun', gettin' her to take more dope.

Porgy

Bess, Bess—won't nobody tell me?

Serena

She gone, Porgy, an' I take dis chile to give 'im a Christian' raisin'.

Porgy

You ain't mean Bess—dead?

Serena

She worse than dead, Porgy. She give herself to de Devil. But she still livin', an' she gone far away.

Porgy

Alive! Bess is alive!

[To this point Heyward is obviously thinking of a recitative-like scene. Here the aria is to start.]

Now Gawd in yo' big heaven, sen' a sign,
Lif' up dis cripple, an' tell him what to do.
Show him that lonesome road he got to travel;
Give him a little strength to see him through.

[The next four lines Gershwin marked as a cut.]

They tell me Bess got sin. Ain't none of these niggers know her.

You made me an' she to run together, sholy You understand'

Dat she is good long as I's there to show her,
An' I am strong long as she hol' my han'.
Somewhere she's waitin', somewhere she's listenin'
for me.

She's like a little chile what's gone astray.
An' I'm alone—ain't nobody here to show me—
Oh Gawd in Yo' big heav'n, show me the way.

Where Bess gone? [We're back in the scene.]

In the opera as it is printed, the trio starts practically at the beginning of the excerpt. The women's lines, allotted to Serena and Maria, are taken from the lines in the opening dialog (I'll leave it to those who want to check the score to see their current disposition), but instead of being part of an exposition no one in the audience requires, they buzz around Porgy's central line like useless but annoying flies. Here, for comparison, is Porgy's lyric as it appears in the opera:

Oh, Bess, oh where's my Bess?
Won't somebody tell me where?

I ain' care what she say, I ain' care what she done,
Won't somebody tell me where's my Bess?
—Bess, oh Lawd—
My Bess, I want her now,
Widout her I can't go on.
I counted the days that I was gone till I got home
to see her face.
Won't somebody tell me where's my Bess?
I want her so, I need her so, my gal, my Bess,
where is she?
Oh Gawd, in yo' big Heav'n
Please show me where I mus' go,
Oh give me de strength, show me the way!
Tell me de truth, where is she,
where is my gal, where is my Bess?

Most of the actual "aria" of the first draft has disappeared, and the preceding text has become aria.

Two major songs, "My Man's Gone Now" and "I Got Plenty of Nuttin'," and Crown's hurricane-scene shocker about the readheaded woman appear only as indications for songs to be supplied later. (Porgy's song is given tentatively as "Some folks got plenty of money"—remember, the preceding line of the opera is "How you think dat boy goin' get de college education if I don' work hard an' make money?") The two songs in the Kittiwah scene, "It Ain't Necessarily So" and "What You Want Wid Bess?", are necessarily absent from the libretto, which lacks this scene. ("It Ain't Necessarily So," of course, had lyrics by Ira and so would have appeared only as "Song for Sporting Life.") One of the major songs of the opera does not show up even as a suggestion in the libretto. Towards the end of Act III Scene 2 in the typescript appears the following line:

Sporting Life
Listen, there's a boat leaving soon for New York,
an' I'm goin.'

Beside it Gershwin has written emphatically the word "song."

The principal difficulties with the general remodeling of the play to fit the needs of the operatic stage seem to have been posed by Act II Scene 1. The remainder of the libretto Gershwin seems to have accepted with only minor revisions (save for the inevitable cuts and the insertion of songs). But Act II Scene 1, with its ever-changing pagination, shows signs of several re-writes. We are almost certainly lacking the typescript pages which give the first opening of the scene. That this is the scene which caused the col-

laborators problems is not surprising, for in it many things must be established: Porgy's new happiness, the genuineness of Bess's love and her acceptance by the Catfish Row community, Sporting Life's evil nature (touched on but not developed in Act I Scene 1) and his designs on Bess. All these must be made definite if the next scenes are to move. Clara and Jake must become people if we are to grieve for their death in the hurricane; and the typical life of the community, first sketched in Act I Scene 1, must be portrayed before the movement of events makes us impatient of mere local color.

Also, Act II Scene 1 is without a central event. The one action that pushes the plot along is Bess's departure for the picnic, and the rest of the scene could be cut and shuffled around without affecting the story line of the play. There is one external event, however, one that had been effective in the play and which both Gershwin and Heyward seem to have been determined to include: the appearance of a buzzard symbolizing the end of Porgy's good luck. In the play the scene had ended with the buzzard alighting above Porgy's door. In the opera libretto as Gershwin received it, the buzzard made its first appearance during Mr. Archdale's scene, as in the play (necessary for exposition), but did not appear at the end of the scene, which was to conclude with Porgy, remembering its earlier appearance, singing to ward off coming evil. This may have seemed a bit recherche to Gershwin, who had the "Buzzard Song" lyric as written for the end of the scene transferred to the point where the bird first appears—a shift that involved rewrites of two sections of the scene. With the benefit of hindsight it's easy to feel that all this fuss about the "Buzzard Song" was fret to no purpose—the song is always cut, since Porgy has two other strenuous numbers in the scene, and the work flows better for the cut. But it was in the rewrite of the end of the scene that the kernel of "Bess, You Is My Woman Now"—at first a throwaway line in an early part of the scene—first took root.

So far, we have looked almost exclusively at Heyward's workings as shown in the libretto. Gershwin's markings are even more instructive, since they show the beginnings of the work of composition. This work of composition is a negative as well as a positive one: a composer must discard as well as set, and every librettist learns

early to resign himself to seeing large sections of a text he has worked lovingly at hacked away with a slash of the composer's pencil. Most of Gershwin's cuts were small, but one of them was large enough to change the balance of a scene. In the play *Porgy* and the first-draft opera libretto, Bess's cure is undertaken both by Serena, the God-fearing woman, and Maria, the earthy market-woman who puts her faith in conjure-work. Gershwin cut Maria's entire section of the scene: in the opera as we have it the scene is a simple exercise in faith rewarded rather than an exposition of the two conflicting sets of beliefs that rule Catfish Row. Since even in the scene as first written we never see the conjure woman at work, Gershwin may have thought Maria's scene would be anticlimactic after Serena's prayer. He was, to be sure, right; still, Maria, who is a vivid character in the play, loses one of her two big scenes and becomes a bit part in the opera.

More positive aspects of Gershwin's musical reactions to the text show up on almost every page. Sometimes the actual music is jotted down,

George Gershwin's musical notation of the vendors' calls from Act II Scene 3: the Strawberry Woman's call at top, the Crab Man's call below.



as on the verso of page 2-29, where the streetcries, including the well-known Strawberry Woman cry, are written out. Other shorter musical bits are sketched, including one not finally used in the show: page 3-15—the page with the "aria" quoted earlier that was to become part of "Bess, Oh, Where's My Bess?"—contains the following eight measures of music, like the final trio in key and mood but unlike the meter and not fitting well any set of words on the page:



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Sometimes only rhythms are indicated, as at the end of "A Woman Is a Sometime Thing."

Some of the notations are suggestions for musical expansion. Gershwin's notation of "song" before Sporting Life's line about the boat leaving for New York has already been mentioned. Not all of the suggestions were acted on: in the first draft of Act III Scene 1 where Bess and Serena discuss who is to raise Jake and Clara's orphaned child, Gershwin noted "Duet for Bess and Serena." In the end the entire scene with the women discussing the child's future is cut; all the audience needs is to hear Bess singing "Summertime" to the child to establish that she has taken over its rearing and to symbolize her final complete absorption into the Catfish Row community. What took two pages of dialog to establish in the first draft has been done by a single musical gesture—which is why composers can feel free to cut librettists.

Some of the unused suggestions turn up as musical ideas used later in the show. Just before the blank space for Serena's mourning song in Act I Scene 2, at Porgy's words "An' here lie Robbins with his wife an' fadderless children," Gershwin noted "chanting to held chords in 4 tonics." This is not, in fact, the way these words were set. Yet the idea was probably the basis for the opening of Act II Scene 4, where six simultaneous prayers proceed in total rhythmic independence (though all in the same key) for 12

pages of vocal score—a passage presaging the polyorchestral experiments of the 1940's and 1950's.

Gershwin had decided to use the leitmotiv technique in *Porgy and Bess*, so it is not surprising that a few of his jottings are reminders to bring in an appropriate theme at a particular spot. Still, it was a surprise to this writer to find, in Act I Scene 1 at the point where Crown takes a paper of cocaine from Sporting Life, the notation "Happydust theme." Sure enough, the chromatic theme ("p e scherzando") that appears here shows up again at the two spots where Sporting Life tempts Bess with the "happy dus." The "happydust theme" is neither the most important nor the most inspired of the motives in *Porgy and Bess*, but it's a useful addition to anyone's prospective *Motiventafel*.

Many of Gershwin's notations on the libretto—especially in the first scene, where he was being conscientious about keeping the libretto in true with the score—concern word changes. Gershwin has a keen ear for what will and what won't sound when sung: "snake eyes" becomes "li'l Joe"; "I'm thinkin' of gettin' out the cotton business" becomes "I'm done with cotton"; "That's the best whiskey you ever had" is suppressed entirely with the note "just gesture."

We should not close this brief look at the first-draft *Porgy and Bess* libretto without looking at the changes Gershwin made in two of the highlights of the opera. First, a set of changes made for musical rather than dramatic reasons—just to get the right number of words for the notes Gershwin had in mind. Here is how "Summertime" appears in the typescript first delivered to Gershwin:

Summer time, an' the livin's easy,
Fish are jumpin', an' the cotton's high.
Yo' Daddy's rich, chile, an' yo' ma's good-lookin',
So hush, little baby, don' yo' cry.

One of these mornin's you goin' to rise up singin'
Then you'll open yo' wings, chile, an' take the sky.
But til that mornin' there's a nothin' can harm you,
With yo' mammy an' daddy standin' by.

No one will need the final version printed for comparison.

Our last example shows Gershwin's instinct for where a strong musical statement should come at work. Here is how the spot in which Bess is first

mentioned appears in the first-draft libretto (a close paraphrase from the scene in the play; again, stage directions have been omitted).

Porgy

Is Bess with him?

Jake

Lissen to Porgy. I think he soft on Crown's Bess.

Porgy

Gawd make cripple to be lonely. Taint no use for him to be soft on no woman.

Maria

Porgy got too good sense to look twice at that licker-guzzling slut.

Lily

Licker-guzzlin'. It take more than licker for to satisfy Crown's Bess.

Serena

Yeah! Happy-dus'. Dat what it take. That gal Bess aint fit for Gawd-fearin' ladies to 'sociate with.

Sporting Life

Sisters, you needn't worry. Gawd-fearin' ladies is the las' thing on earth Bess is awantin' to 'sociate with.

Porgy

Can't you keep your mouth off Bess? Between the Gawd-fearin' Ladies and the Gawd-damnin' men, that gal aint got a chance.

Jake

Aint I tells you, Porgy sof' on her.

Porgy

I aint never swap one word with Crown's Bess.

Gershwin sensed the importance of Porgy's reply to Jake's first taunt and picked it out for expansion. He reshaped the scene to tighten it, cutting Lily's and Sporting Life's lines and Serena's mention of "Happy-dus'" and moving Porgy's last line up to the place where "Gawd make cripple to be lonely. . ." had been (in the process transmuting it to "I ain't never swap two words with Bess"). After Jake's second taunt Gershwin marks "Porgy lyric here." The lyric Heyward sent him, which is based on Porgy's suppressed speech and which appears in the first-draft libretto on an "insert page," runs as follows:

No, no, Brother, Porgy aint sof' on no woman.
They pass by singin', they pass by cryin'—always
lookin'.
They look in my door, an' they keep on movin'.

When Gawd make cripple he mean him to be lonely,
Night time, day time, he got to trabble dat lone-some road.

At first Gershwin thought of adding after the second line an explanatory "Lookin' for a man to keep 'em company." In the end, however, he set the verses as they stand save for repeating the last line; and the interpolation which he had sensed as necessary and which DuBose Heyward had so ably supplied serves now as the key passage in establishing one of the most moving characters in modern opera.

Notes

¹ Catfish Row did have a Charleston prototype, Cabbage Row, which now serves tourist guides for pointing out "the place where Porgy lived." Dorothy Heyward in her introduction to the 1953 edition of the novel *Porgy* mentions this and gives an entertaining account of the extent to which Porgy's story is taken as truth even by native Charlestonians.

² Dorothy and DuBose Heyward, *Porgy, a Play in Four Acts* (Garden City: Doubleday, 1928), p. xii.

³ Gershwin's opera was originally to be titled *Porgy*. He changed the title during rehearsals, partly in homage to Anne Brown's brilliant performance as Bess and partly as a parallel to the tradition of operatic boy-and-girl titles (*Tristan und Isolde*, *Pelléas et Mélisande*). The typescript libretto bears no title.

⁴ *Porgy, a Play in Four Acts*, p. xii.

⁵ As this article went to press we found proof that the "St. Louis Blues" was indeed performed in *Blackbirds*. On page 121 of *Harlem on My Mind* (New York: Random House, 1968), ed. Allon Schoener, there is a reproduction of a sheet music cover reading "W. C. Handy's St. Louis Blues featured in Lew Leslie's *Blackbirds of 1928*."

⁶ Heyward's usual method of pagination was a double number, the first indicating the act, the second the page within the act. Thus 2-18 is the 18th page of Act II.

⁷ In all quotations from the typescript libretto, Heyward's somewhat informal typing has been gently edited. For example, strikeovers have been corrected and in the following excerpt underscoring has been provided for Shout an' Pray.

Robert Frost

Lobbyist for the Arts

by Roy P. Basler

Robert Frost's official association with the Library of Congress and semiofficial association with the entire Washington governmental establishment began with his appointment as Consultant in Poetry for 1958-59 and continued, with his appointment as Honorary Consultant in the Humanities in 1959, until his death on January 29, 1963. The story of this association, which had significant impact in both executive and legislative circles of government, has been told in some detail elsewhere¹ but may bear summarizing on the occasion of the observation of the centenary of Frost's birth.

He came to Washington with an avowed purpose: to make "the politicians and statesmen more aware of their responsibility to the arts." He achieved just that. He began lobbying first with

the White House staff, and remarked sadly that the Eisenhower administration had been much more interested in the arts before Sherman Adams' departure under a cloud. He made friends with a Senator and a Congressman who would become President and Secretary of the Interior respectively, not without some public help in the form of endorsements from the poet during the primaries and the election campaign as well. He testified before committees, on bills to further the arts. But above all he kept himself in the public eye as "poetry" personified, by his public readings at the Library of Congress and his numerous, pungent "press conferences." He was news.

The personal recognition which he received as a result included a Senate resolution of greetings on his 85th birthday and a bill, introduced in April 1960, authorizing the President to award him a medal, which bore its golden fruit later, on March 26, 1962, when President Kennedy presented the coveted object before a battery of photographers and newsmen. But the grand climax, of course, was his appearance as "poet laureate" to recite his poetry from the inaugural platform, for the President whom he had helped elect.

The continuing impact of Frost's efforts, aided and abetted by many others, lent considerable impetus to the movement culminating in the establishment of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts and the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities. For some years during the Kennedy and Johnson administrations it became customary for the White House to sponsor literary

"Not Quite Social" was first published in the Saturday Review of Literature, March 30, 1935, and collected in *A Further Range* (1936). The poem appears in *The Poetry of Robert Frost*, edited by Edward Connery Lathem. Copyright 1936 by Robert Frost, © 1964 by Leslie Frost Ballantine. Copyright © 1969 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. and is reproduced by permission of The Estate of Robert Frost, Alfred E. Edwards, Executor, and Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. In June 1935, less than three months after its publication, Frost gave the first draft of the poem to Robert S. Newick, remarking that such a "sworn-to first draft" was rare. Not one of his more successful poems, Frost almost never included it in his poetry readings. The manuscript, however, is very revealing concerning the poet's habits of composition and revision.

Roy P. Basler is chief of the Manuscript Division.

~~hurting & helping~~ Not like Social

Some of you will be glad I did what I did
 And they will ^{hurt} ~~punish~~ me too severely
 For finding a tiny ³ to that thought all foolish
~~Wants much trouble every instant & then~~
~~It was obvious and was expected clearly.~~

~~shot~~
 Some cannot be expected to understand, yet
 Punishing me over cruelly, would be upon
 You at the moment giving them more gentle ways
 It can never ~~ever~~ give them good ways
 That ~~mean~~ hold on men is no wise tight
 Then when ~~the~~ ^{it} controls were lesser than my way.

^{my}
 They hate me not being able to feel the cuts
 They have me there but loosing as I would be held
 The way of understanding, is ~~hard~~ ^{gentle} surely
 I would not be taken as one who was having rebellion

And anyone is free to condemn me & shall
 If the ⁴ left, Nature to carry out the sentence
 I shall wish to the common stock ^{God may} every truth
 And pay a death tax of ^{fairly} most honorable retribution

*For Stewart from Robert
On the Way Jan 20 1961*

DEDICATION

The reading text with autograph revisions and corrections of the poem "Dedication" by Robert Frost. Inscribed to Stewart Udall, in whose hand some of Frost's revisions are "interpreted" for a typist. The poem was composed for delivery at the Inauguration of President John F. Kennedy. However, unable to follow his text because of the sun's glare, Frost discarded it and read from memory "The Gift Outright," one of his favorites. Frost had read "The Gift Outright" in the Library's Coolidge Auditorium in March 1948, and also included it in a reading at the Library in 1955 and in several readings in Washington during his term as Consultant in Poetry. A revised version of "Dedication" was published under the title "For John F. Kennedy His Inauguration," in The Poetry of Robert Frost, edited by Edward Connery Lathem. Copyright 1942, © 1961, © 1962 by Robert Frost. Copyright © 1969 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. Reproduced by permission of The Estate of Robert Frost, Alfred E. Edwards, Executor, and Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.

*Summertime
and the artists to participate*

In the august occasions of the state
Seems something for us all to celebrate.
This day is for my cause a day of days,
And his be poetry's old-fashioned praise
Who was the first to think of such a thing.
This tribute verse to be his own I bring
Is about the new order of the ages
That in the Latin of the founding sages
God nodded His approval of as good.
So much those sages knew and understood
The mighty four of them were Washington,
John Adams, Jefferson, and Madison ! -
So much they saw as consecrated seers
They must have seen how in two hundred years

Note

¹ Roy P. Basler, "Yankee Virgil—Robert Frost in Washington," *The Muse and the Librarian* (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1974), pp. 56-77.

They would bring down the world about our ears

By the example of our Declaration,

~~By friends~~
~~By Americans~~ the least tribe want to be a nation.

New order of the ages did they say?

The newest thing in which they led the way

Is in our very papers of the day.

Colonial had been the thing to be

As long as the great issue was to see

Which country ^{should} be the one to dominate

By character, by tongue, and native ~~and~~ trait

What Christopher Columbus' ~~had~~ found. ~~feasted~~

The French, the Spanish, and the Dutch were downed,

They all were counted out; the deed ^{was} done;

Elizabeth the first and England won,

Of what had been for centuries the trend

This turned out the beginning of the end.

My verse purports to be the guiding ~~guiding~~ chart

~~With~~ ~~the~~ ~~beginning~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~ ~~was~~ ~~ours~~ ~~to~~ ~~start~~,

~~I~~ ~~the~~ ~~order~~
~~To the stationery it was my to start~~

The turbulence were in the middle
 The turbulence were in the middle of

And in it have no unimportant part.

Stand here ~~the turbulence were in the middle~~
 The next verstand those in the middle of hardly help but love
 For we can ^{were} have hardly help but love
 we something that ~~was~~ ~~had~~ but to love.

Some poor fool has been saying in his heart

Glory is out of date in life and art

Our venture in revolution and outlawry

~~revolution~~ ^{and} nothing but glory.

Has justified itself in Freedom's story

Right down to now in glory angles, where glory

I sometimes think that all we ask is glory

Opposite: Working draft of Robert Frost's poem
 "On Looking Up by Chance at the Constellations,"
 published in West-Running Brook (1928)
 and later in The Poetry of Robert Frost, edited by
 Edward Connery Lathem. Copyright 1928, © 1969 by
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 1956 by Robert Frost. Reproduced by permission of
 The Estate of Robert Frost, Alfred E. Edwards,
 Executor, and Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.
 During his term as Consultant in Poetry at the
 Library of Congress, Frost read this poem at a joint
 meeting of the Chesapeake Chapter of the
 American Studies Association and the Folger
 Seminar in the Folger Shakespeare Library,
 Washington, D.C., March 31, 1959.

On holding up by chance at the Constitutions

Robert Frost 1928

You'll wait a long time for anything much.
To happen in heaven that is beyond the ~~front~~^{height} of the cloud.
Beyond the light ~~front~~^{height}

And Northern Lights that ~~now~~ ^{soon} likely bring never.

The sun and moon get crossed but they never touch
Now ~~they~~ ^{of course from each other} ~~will~~ ^{not} crash ~~planed~~

The planets ^{seen} interfere in their courses
~~too great to be~~ but not to be seen
But within each orbit " " " " " " "

But nothing ever happens as 'harm is done
to us. We

One may as well go patiently on with his life
and look at the bright side.

And look elsewhere than to stars and moon
For such excited moments as he desires

For excitement
shortening days without you will make us sad
For the changes from day to day always desiring.

The ~~the~~ True the long-drawn-out drought will end in rain.

The longest peace in being will end in strife
But it ~~would bring~~ ^{is a} brief ~~broad~~ ^{as long as} watchful & wary while
~~it would reward~~
I hope the calm of the heaven will break
On ^{the} ~~evening~~ ^{you} and right
In his particular time for his debt ~~of~~ ^{and} his soul at rest
We ^{know} only ~~the~~ ^{our} safety among the calm will be brought
That calm seems certainly good Robert Conquest

The Pasture Spring
 I'm going out to clean the pasture spring.
 It's only stop to rake dry leaves away -
 And wait to watch the water clear I may.
 I shan't be gone long. You come too.

March 12 [1915]

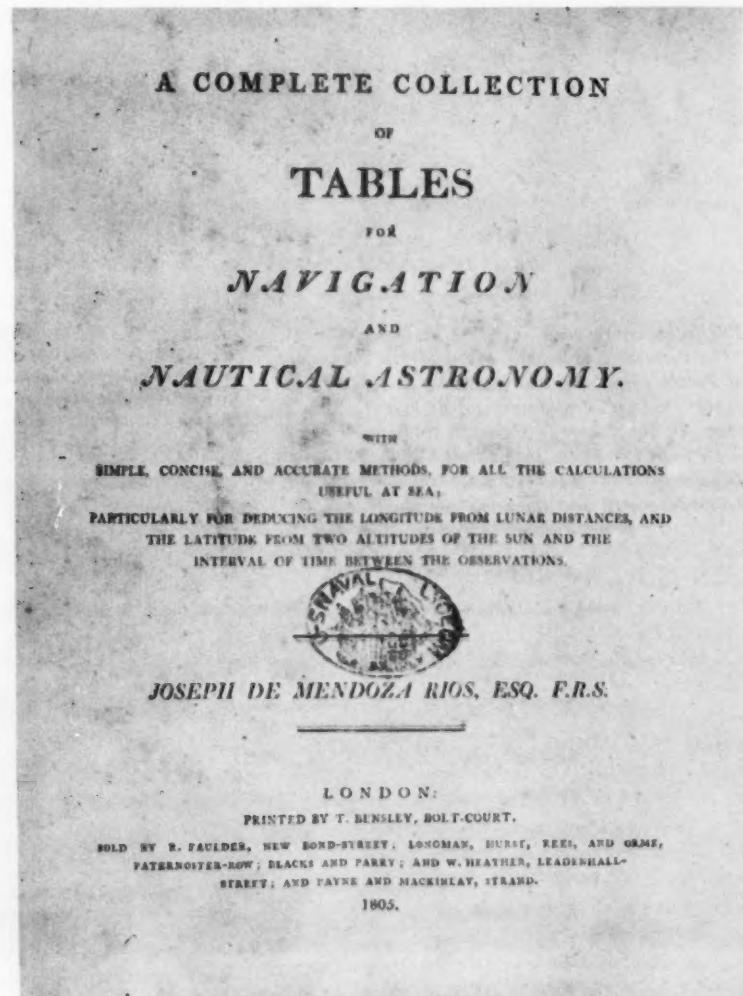
Dear Roy:

The idea was to make the program something to read besides titles. You are so generous about complying with suggestions. But disregard the above if it comes too late; just have it in print like the other quotations. I'm looking forward to renewals. And I'm not afraid of the reporters unless they stay away and assure me of things I don't think. I am ready for them on segregation, Romanism and Puritanism, just as we last saw each other in Princeton, probably.

The introductory poem in North of Boston (1914), "The Pasture" traditionally appeared first in editions of Frost's poems and was frequently included in his public readings. Preparatory to his reading May 2, 1960, in the Library's Coolidge Auditorium, Frost wrote to Roy P. Basler, then Director of the Reference Department and then (as now) in charge of the Library's poetry and literature programs. The first

stanza of "The Pasture," headed "The Pasture Spring," was reproduced in facsimile on the program for the May 2 reading, in accordance with the poet's suggestion. From The Poetry of Robert Frost, edited by Edward Connery Lathem. Copyright 1939, © 1967, 1969 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. Reproduced by permission of The Estate of Robert Frost, Alfred E. Edwards, Executor, and Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.

“For His Excellency



*Photographs of Mendoza's
work, courtesy of the
U.S. Naval Academy,
Annapolis, Md.*

Thomas Jefferson, Esq."

The Tale of a Wandering Book

by Harry R. Skallerup

In compiling her monumental *Catalogue of the Library of Thomas Jefferson*, 5 vols. (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1952-1959), Emily Millicent Sowerby described or mentioned 4,931 numbered book and pamphlet items which Jefferson sold or intended to sell to Congress in 1815. For the most part, this collection, as chroniclers of the history of the Library of Congress have detailed, was bought by Congress—or “ceded” by Jefferson to the nation, as he preferred to refer to the transaction—to replace the legislative library destroyed by British troops during the War of 1812; and it was from this source that the vigorous and prestigious present-day Library of Congress took root.

Not all of the books listed by Jefferson in a manuscript catalog prepared by him for purposes of the sale (apparently based on “a fair copy of the Catalogue” of his library as it stood in 1812) were actually received by Congress, although many others not listed in his catalog were. One of the items apparently not received in the shipment of books from the former President’s home at Monticello, but nevertheless listed in the index of the first catalog of the Library of Congress, printed in 1815, was “*De Mendoza Rios’s nautical & astronomical tables*” (Sowerby, 3816). Whether a book of this nature was really

needed in a library intended for the use of land-lubber legislators is improbable, so its absence at the time, no doubt, was not felt as an inconvenience. But more than a century and a quarter later, at the time when Miss Sowerby attempted to account for each of the books in the Jeffersonian library, she could only conclude that “the book was probably not sold to Congress.”

It appears that this assumption was indeed correct, for Jefferson’s copy of the Mendoza book still exists—not at the Library of Congress, but in the library of the U.S. Naval Academy. Although all of the details of the story of how the book came to rest here are not completely known, the pieces of the puzzle that are available add a few additional facts to the history of Jefferson’s library, as well as amplify and correct the entry for Mendoza’s work in Sowerby.

The elusive book may be briefly described as:

Mendoza y Rios, José de.

A Complete Collection of Tables for Navigation and Nautical Astronomy. With Simple, Concise, and Accurate Methods, for All the Calculations Useful at

Harry R. Skallerup is associate librarian of the Nimitz Library, U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., and is the author of *Books Afloat & Ashore* (Hamden, Conn.: Archon Books, Spring 1974), a history on books, libraries, and reading among seamen during the age of sail.

Sea; Particularly for Deducing the Longitude from Lunar Distances, and the Latitude from Two Altitudes of the Sun and the Interval of Time Between the Observations. By Joseph de Mendoza Rios, Esq., F. R. S. London, Printed by T. Bensley . . . Sold by R. Faulder [etc.], 1805. xii, 670, 47 p. 27 cm.

It first came to my notice a few years ago when I was selecting certain books for transfer from the open stacks of the Naval Academy library to a newly created special collections division. Jefferson's association with the book was obvious, for it had been inscribed in ink on the verso of the front flyleaf: "For His Excellency Thomas Jefferson, Esqr./from the Author." After consulting Sowerby's *Catalogue*, I learned that Jefferson was wont to indicate ownership of his books by marking the printer's signatures "I" and "T" of a volume with the complementary "T" and "J" of his initials; upon looking in the book in question I found them as described. Next, I wrote to Julian P. Boyd, editor of the on-going *Papers of Thomas Jefferson* project, to ask if the note in the inscribed work had ever been reported to him and whether he had any further information on the matter. He answered that it was previously unreported and graciously supplied a copy of a letter (the original at Colonial Williamsburg) that Jefferson, on May 4, 1806, had written to Mendoza in which he thanked the author for his gift. Addressed to "Jos. de Mendoza Rios, esq.", from the city of Washington, the letter reads:

Sir:

I have duly received the copy of your tables of navigation and Nautical astronomy which you have been so kind as to send me, and I pray you to accept my thanks for them. their utility to the nautical world in general, the industry & accuracy with which they have been composed & the advantages they offer in ascertaining longitude by Lunar distances are worthy of high estimation; but still more the disinterested benevolence with which they have been brought within the faculties of common Mariners to obtain. as a member of the human family I feel my portion of thankfulness, and anxious peculiarly for the public interests entrusted to me, I have recommended to the Secretary of the Navy of the US to avail our public vessels of this publication by procuring such number of the copies as he shall think their wants and our duties will justify.

Accept my salutations & assurances of esteem, & respect,

Th: Jefferson

Initial inserted before the signature letter at the bottom of the page identifies the volume as belonging to Thomas Jefferson.

This same letter was quoted in Sowerby in connection with another entry (3844) concerning correspondence between Jefferson and J. Hamilton Moore about some charts of North America that Moore had apparently sent to Jefferson on July 12, 1805. It is now evident, however, that the quoted letter should have been included under the entry for the Mendoza work, for it completely fits the circumstances of his gift to Jefferson, whereas it does not serve as the correct reply to J. Hamilton Moore's letter of July 12th.

Mendoza sent his book to Jefferson, evidently accompanied by a letter dated August 23, 1805. According to information furnished by Dr. Boyd, Jefferson's register of correspondence shows that he received the letter on December 19th of the same year, but the text of it is still undiscovered. Presumably, the *Tables* then joined the ranks of the 493 or so other books in Jefferson's library that had been presented to him under similar circumstances. It is of further interest to note that Mendoza, an astronomer and former Spanish naval officer who had settled in London, dedicated his book to Sir Joseph Banks, then president of the Royal Society. According to a biographical sketch by the French traveler and writer Duflot de Mofras, the Royal Society granted Mendoza £700 in 1803 for the publication of his manuscripts. But Mendoza in his *Tables* only acknowledged receiving financial aid from the Commissioners of Longitude and the East India Company, although he mentioned that Banks had encouraged him by "many marks of friendship." The *Complete Collection of Tables for Navigation and Nautical Astronomy*, which also enjoyed a second edition in 1809, was considered by Mendoza's contemporaries as the best available, being "the most extensive and accurate."¹ However, Mendoza one day found a grave error of calculation in one of his tables, grew despondent over the fact, and on March 2, 1816, ended his life by shooting himself with a pistol. He was reported to have died at Brighton at the age of 54.²

The inscribed copy of Mendoza's *Tables*, as already indicated, probably was not among the

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Horizontal Parallax.										Horizontal Parallax.											
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2	30	49	9	39	48	8	28	47	2	31	43	4	24	45	0	20	47				
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12	34	54	14	34	53	13	33	52	12	36	48	9	29	50	11	31	52	4-1			
14	35	55	15	35	54	14	34	53	14	37	49	10	30	51	12	32	53	5-2			
16	36	55	15	35	55	15	35	54	16	38	49	10	30	51	13	33	54	6-2			
Sun's and Star's Add. Alt.	37	50	16	30	56	16	36	55	18	39	50	11	31	52	13	34	55	7-2			
Star's	20	16. 38	16. 57	17. 17	17. 37	17. 57	18. 17	18. 37	18. 56	20	17. 30	17. 51	18. 12	18. 32	18. 53	19. 14	19. 35	19. 56	8-3		
Alt.	22	39	58	18	38	58	18	38	57	22	39	59	13	33	54	15	36	57	9-3		
Add.	24	40	59	19	39	59	19	39	58	24	40	20	32	53	14	34	55	10-3			
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9	46	17.	20	17. 47	18.	20	18. 46	19.	19	47	17. 38	18.	0	18. 21	18. 43	19.	21	19. 44	20.		
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20	48	8	28	49	8	28	48	8	21	49	20	2	23	44	5	26	46	7-21-7			
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50	50	17. 11	17. 31	17. 51	18. 21	18. 51	19. 11	19. 41	24	50	17. 43	18. 5	18. 26	18. 46	19. 7	19. 28	19. 49	20. 10			
60	51	19	32	52	19	32	52	19	25	52	44	6	27	47	8	29	50	11-5-9			
70	53	23	33	53	23	33	53	23	26	53	45	7	28	48	9	30	51	12-7-9			
80	53	13	33	54	14	34	54	14	27	50	45	7	28	49	10	31	52	13-27-9			
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70	26	6	27	47	8	28	49	9	29	46-15	26	58	20	41	3	24	45	7	28-47-16		
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35	10	31	52	12	33	53	13	34	51-17	36	3	24	45	7	29	50	11	32	52-18		
36	11	32	53	13	34	54	14	35	52-17	38	3	25	46	8	30	51	12	33	53-19		
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44	14	35	56	16	37	57	17	38	46-19	44	6	28	49	11	33	54	15	36	56-20		
45	15	36	56	17	37	58	18	39	47-19	46	7	29	50	12	33	54	16	37	57-20		
46	16	37	57	18	38	59	19	40	48-19	48	8	30	51	13	34	55	17	38	58-20		
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52	18	39	59	20	40	1	21	41	43	52	10	32	53	15	36	57	19	40			
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56	20	41	3	22	42	4	24	45	56	13	34	55	17	39	59	22	43				

volumes in Jefferson's library "ceded" to Congress in 1815. Neither, according to Sowerby, were two other works also belonging in the library's Astronomy classification, namely, *Chilmead on the globes* and *Tables astronomiques de Halley par l'Abbe Chappe . . . 1754*. It is possible that Jefferson disposed of these three books in some manner either before or after the sale to Congress, perhaps to some party interested in nautical astronomy. For instance, Jefferson could have given Mendoza's book to the Navy Department, inasmuch as he mentioned in his reply to its author that he intended to recommend the *Tables* for purchase by the Navy. But for whatever it is worth, no listings for the missing astronomy books appear in either of two, unique, early manuscript catalogs of the Navy Department Library of 1824 and 1829, which still exist at this library in Washington, D.C. To speculate further, even if these books had been turned over to the Navy Department by Jefferson or someone else before its early catalogs were prepared, they could have already been lost to the department, for books were customarily loaned from its library to naval officers and ships of war at this time quite informally, and some books simply were never returned.

On the other hand, Jefferson may have held back one or all of the three "missing" books, and they may have been in his possession at the time of his death. In the case of the *Tables* this assumption may be strengthened by evidence of two words contained in an entry which appeared in a sale catalog of books from Jefferson's estate prepared in 1829 by Nathaniel Poor.³ Lot no. 238 of this catalog lists several items: "Arts, Societies of London, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, Inland Navigation, Ackermann, Tatham, Evans' Patents, Hoppe, Templeton, Coates, Fireships, Lunar distances, &c." Because the words "lunar distances" also appear in the title of Mendoza's work, they catch the eye and suggest that perhaps this could have been the Mendoza book. It seems more likely, however, that here the two words constituted the title or part of the title of another work, probably a pamphlet. The reason for concluding this lies in the fact that Jefferson's identifying initials appeared in a different style in the books of his last library, sold at the 1829 auction. These later acquired books of Jefferson's contained his initials in block let-

ters, while those in the books sold in the 1815 transaction were in script form⁴—as they are in the book presented to him by Mendoza. Further, lot no. 238 may have been a listing for an assortment of pamphlets such as noted in Sowerby as entry 1237 in the Technical Arts classification of the 1815 Jefferson library. Yet the possibility exists that the three books still could have been in Jefferson's last library just before, or even at the time of, the 1829 sale.

Whatever the initial disposition of the three books, Jefferson's copy of Mendoza's *Tables* reappeared some years after the 1815 and 1829 sales as property of the U.S. Naval Lyceum, at Brooklyn, N.Y. Here the book was again in good company, for the Naval Lyceum (a private society, which flourished between 1834 and 1888) was founded by a group of naval officers and civilians at the New York Navy Yard in Brooklyn in order to provide for their cultural advancement and the mutual support of a library. Like its association with Jefferson, the association of the copy of the Mendoza work with the Naval Lyceum is obvious: It boldly bears the ownership stamps "U.S. Naval Lyceum" on its title page in black ink. Barring the unlikely possibility that the Naval Lyceum might have owned more than one copy of the *Tables*, the date and circumstances regarding the acquisition of Jefferson's copy can be retrieved from the official records of the Naval Lyceum, which are still extant, and are now located in the museum and in the library of the U.S. Naval Academy.

According to the Donors' Book of the Naval Lyceum, Master Commandant Francis H. Gregory, U.S.N. (1789–1866) donated six books to the society during the period March 6–May 16, 1834, and one of them was "Mendoza Rios Tables of Navigation." No other notation for the receipt of another copy of the *Tables* is evident in the Donors' Book for the years it covers, nor is more than one copy of the book recorded in a surviving manuscript catalog of the Naval Lyceum's library, dated 1841. If, indeed, Gregory donated Jefferson's copy of the *Tables* to the Naval Lyceum, he did it within a month or two of returning to New York from a three-year voyage in the Pacific as commanding officer of the sloop of war *Falmouth*. How and when he acquired the book is also open to speculation. It could have been aboard the *Falmouth* on the

cruise, or Gregory could have gained possession of it either immediately thereafter or some years previously and in a manner which was not related to his naval duties. Significantly, none of the other five book titles that Gregory was reported to have donated to the Naval Lyceum in 1834 had, on the basis of Sowerby's catalog, any apparent connection with Jefferson's early library.

The next episode in the story of the provenance of the *Tables* brings us to firmer ground and up to the present time. When the Naval Lyceum was finally dissolved, the *Tables*, along with many of the library items, museum specimens, and official records of the society, found its way to the U.S. Naval Academy. Unfortunately, sometime in the early years while in the possession of the Naval Academy, the Mendoza work apparently was selected for commercial binding, and thus whatever additional external clues it might have had at the time were lost in the binding process. But at least the book itself survived the passing years, while none of the other original titles listed in Sowerby in the Astronomy classification of Jefferson's early library remained to be found at the Library of Congress when the *Catalogue of the Library of Thomas Jefferson* was prepared. By not being retained as a part of the Jeffersonian library when it was

sold to Congress in 1815, the *Tables* ultimately endured. For in this case it was the application of Jefferson's belief that books should be used rather than merely displayed that helped preserve the *Tables*. Thus blessed and earmarked by Jefferson and in the hands of the "common Mariners," for whose benefit it was intended, the future existence of the copy of Mendoza's work seems to have been eminently assured.

Perhaps more information about this happy association, and hence the Jeffersonian library, may yet come to light.

Notes

¹ Eva G. R. Taylor, *The Mathematical Practitioners of Hanoverian England, 1714-1840* (Cambridge: Institute of Navigation, 1966), pp. 75, 319.

² Eugène Duflot de Motras, *Mendoza et Navarrete; notices biographiques* (Paris: Imprimerie royale, 1845), pp. 7-13; *Dictionary of National Biography*, s.v. Mendoza y Rios, Joseph de; *Gentleman's Magazine*, v. 86, n.s. 9 (April 1816): 372.

³ [Thomas Jefferson], *Catalogue; President Jefferson's Library. A Catalogue of the Extensive and Valuable Library of the Late President Jefferson, (Copied from the Original MS., in His Handwriting, As Arranged by Himself) to Be Sold at Auction, at the Long Room, Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington City, by Nathaniel P. Poor, on the [27th of] February, 1829* (Washington: Pr. by Gales and Seaton, 1829). 14 p.

⁴ Frederick R. Goff, "Jefferson, the Book Collector," *QJLC*, 29 (January 1972): 32-47.

Some Recent Publications of the Library of Congress¹

Documenting a Legacy; 40 Years of the Historic American Buildings Survey. Reprinted from the October 1973 *Quarterly Journal of the Library of Congress*. 25 p. Available free from the Publications Distribution Unit, Central Services Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540. Issued in conjunction with an exhibition held November 1, 1973, to January 31, 1974, in the Library of Congress, this article sketches the 40-year history of HABS and reproduces a number of measured drawings.

The Hammons Family: A Study of a West Virginia Family's Traditions. (AFS L65-L66). 1973. 2 LP records and accompanying 36 p. booklet. \$10.95. Available from the Recording Laboratory, Music Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540. The recordings of three members of the family include songs, fiddle and banjo tunes, stories, anecdotes, and riddles. In the accompanying illustrated booklet are a history

¹ For sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402, unless otherwise noted.

of the family, an analysis and information about the recordings, a bibliography, and a discography.

Portrait of a Poet; Hans Christian Andersen and His Fairytales. By Erik Haugaard. 1973. 17 p. 40 cents. Mr. Haugaard, writer of children's books and translator of Andersen's stories, presented this lecture at the Library of Congress on March 5, 1973, as part of the 10th anniversary program of the Children's Book Section.

Verner Warren Clapp, 1901-1972; A Memorial Tribute. 1973. 43 p. A limited number of free copies are available for distribution to libraries from the Publications Distribution Unit, Central Services Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540. Remarks made on June 20, 1972, at the memorial tribute to Mr. Clapp held at the Library of Congress. Speakers were L. Quincy Mumford, Librarian of Congress; William S. Dix, Librarian of Princeton University; Frederick H. Wagman, Director of the University of Michigan Libraries; and David C. Mearns, Library of Congress Honorary Consultant in the Humanities. A bibliography of writings by and about Mr. Clapp is appended.

Publications for the Bicentennial of the American Revolution¹

The American Revolution: A Selected Reading List. 1968. 38 p. 50 cents. Presents numerous approaches to the Revolution, ranging from eyewitness accounts by the men and women involved in the struggle for independence to recent scholarly evaluations.

The Boston Massacre, 1770, engraved by Paul Revere. Library of Congress Facsimile No. 4. \$1.50. A full-color facsimile of the famous engraving is presented in a red folder which forms a mat for the print. A description of the events leading to the massacre and to the production of the engraving appears on the folder. Produced through the Verner W. Clapp Publication Fund. For sale by the Information Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540.

Creating Independence, 1763-1789; Background Reading for Young People. 1972. 62 p. 75 cents. An annotated list of books on the Revolution, including general histories, biographies, and novels. Introduction by Richard B. Morris. Illustrations from contemporary sources.

English Defenders of American Freedoms, 1774-1778. 1972. 231 p. \$2.75. Six pamphlets attacking British policy after the North Ministry turned to coercion, written by Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph; John Cartwright; Matthew Robinson-Morris, Baron Rokeby; Catherine Macaulay; and Willoughby Bertie, Earl of Abingdon.

Periodical Literature on the American Revolution: Historical Research and Changing Interpretations,

¹ Publications are for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402, unless otherwise noted. All orders must be prepaid. Checks for items ordered from the LC Information Office should be made payable to the Library of Congress. Remittance to the Superintendent of Documents may be made by coupon, money order, express order, check, or charge against a deposit account.

1895-1970. 1971. 93 p. \$1. A guide to essays and periodical literature on the Revolutionary era, listing more than 1,100 studies that have appeared in the last 75 years; includes subject and author indexes.

Two Rebuses from the American Revolution. Library of Congress Facsimiles No. 5-1 and 5-2. \$2.50. Two facsimiles, each approximately 10×14 inches and suitable for framing, of rebuses published by Matthew Darly, a London caricaturist, in 1778 as satiric comments on England's attempt to negotiate peace that year with the colonists. Translations of the rebuses and a note on the historical background are included on the folder. Produced through the Verner W. Clapp Publication Fund. For sale by the Information Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SYMPOSIA ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Symposia and publications made possible through a grant from the Morris and Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation. For sale by the Information Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540.

The Development of a Revolutionary Mentality. 1972. 158 p. \$3.50. Papers and commentaries presented by 10 distinguished historians at the first Library of Congress symposium on the American Revolution, held May 5 and 6, 1972. The participants are Richard B. Morris, Henry S. Commager, Caroline Robbins, J. H. Plumb, Richard Bushman, Edmund S. Morgan, Pauline Maier, Jack P. Greene, Mary Beth Norton, and Esmond Wright.

Fundamental Testaments of the American Revolution. 1973. 120 p. \$3.50. Papers presented on May 10 and 11, 1973, at the second of five symposia. Introduction by Julian P. Boyd. Papers by Bernard Bailyn, Cecelia M. Kenyon, Merrill Jensen, Richard B. Morris, and James Russell Wiggins.

